The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

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Since the revision of the O. T. and substituting "sheol" for hell will there also be a change in the telephone call from hell-lo to sheol-lo?

A Republican paper down east is not going to swear "by sheol," and prefers the old term it was so long accustomed to. True to its prejudices it don't favor reform.

The last board of County Commissioners of Lebanon county having been sued for the taking of excessive fees, etc., the case was arbitrated and decided in favor of the county, each of the three Commissioners being required to pay back to the County Treasurer between $300 $400.

The assessors found a few days ago that Peter Bast, an aged blacksmith, had concealed $20,000 to avoid taxation. The discovery so annoyed the old man that he committed suicide by braining himself with a hammer.

A queer Peter to peter himself out in this manner and let laughing heirs get his $20,000.

In the House on 3d Brown's high license bill, requiring $250 to be paid in Philadelphia and Pittsburg, $200 in cities of the first class and lower rates in small places, was defeated—yeas 98, nays 70—three less votes in the affirmative than required to pass it.

The result was received with applause by the opponents of the bill, to which its friends responded in hisses.

Another Republican postmaster has turned himself out of office. This time his name is Hibbs and he hails from Lewistown, Idaho, where he issued money orders to the amount of $20,000 payable to himself, ordered banks in different cities to collect them and forward the money to him, and then absconded But notwithstanding all these facts it will probably be asserted by some that he was "removed without cause."

Surely he was an "offensive partizan."

Pennsylvania Furnace, in the Spruce Creek Valley, long idle, has just been put into operation by the Central Mining Company. It starts under the most favorable circumstances, having large and urgent orders for metal from Pittsburg. The property connected with the furnace contains an immense quantity of the richest ore, especially of hematite. More than a hundred men will be given employment in the works at the mines and at incidental labor. This will create a new local market for the upper end of Penns Valley.

The Hessian fly seems to threaten the Maryland wheat crop. On the floor of the Corn and Flour Exchange a few days ago specimens of wheat stalks from Frederick county, Md., which had been attacked by Hessian flies, were exhibited. The insect was found in the lower joints near the root. This season Maryland appears to produce the destroyer in great numbers. There was no hope after the severe winter of more than a two-thirds crop, and the ravages of the fly are expected to very much shorten the wheat crop from that estimate.

The Tyrone *Herald* says: We are violating no pledge in stating that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has finally decided to put a railroad down along Clearfield creek. The new road, we presume, will extend from Irvona, the terminus of Bell's Gap road, to Clearfield bridge, connecting there with the Tyrone and Clearfield branch road. This line of connection when completed will develop the main body of coal in Clearfield county and furnish transportation for immense quantities of lumber and bark. It will also be of incalculable benefit to several large farming communities. Besides that it will be a big thorn in the side of the Vanderbilt combination.

A VETO SUSTAINED.

Harrisburg, June 3.—At the session of the House to-night a message was received from the Governor vetoing the bill allowing courts to fix the compensation of Sheriffs for boarding prisoners at the maximum sum of fifty cents a day for each. The Governor considers the rate fixed exorbitant and calls attention to the fact that Chester pays less than nine cents a day, Montgomery nineteen cents, Philadelphia twenty and Lehigh fourteen and one-half. A few of the counties pay as high as fifty cents and two more than that sum. By far the larger number, however, pay twenty-five cents or under. He refers to the fact that at the last State encampment of the militia the cost of maintaining the men was only seventeen cents a day. If soldiers could be kept for this sum, why should prisoners cost fifty cents? The veto was sustained.

DRIVEN OUT OF GERMANY.

Private letters from Posen and Silesia describe the present expulsion by Germany, at Russia's request, of Russian Poles from those provinces as being attended by the most cruel and heart-rending incidents. Many of the Poles who are now being driven out have been settlers in the German territory for many years and have thoroughly identified themselves with local interests. Most of them went to Posen and Silesia to escape from the intolerable despotism at home. The decrees of expulsion issued by Heir Von Putkamer, German Minister of the Interior, affects about 30,000 Poles, resident in Germany. Eight thousand of these have already been arrested without warning and conducted to the German frontier by Prussian troops. The remainder of the 30,000 ordered out of the empire consist of those who had obtained permits of Settlement. The decre of expulsion gives these a short respite in order to allow them to settle their affairs, dispose of their property and otherwise prepare for extradition. Whole villages have already been depopulated, and their refugee inhabitants turned over to the Russian authorities at the German frontier. Numbers of the poor Poles are fleeing into Austria to escape enforced return to the land of their birth. The news of this cruelty has cast the chill of despair throughout Russian Poland. It is all interpreted by the Viennese as a fresh evidence of the binding nature of the present connection between Germany and Russia and of their united policy to entirely suppress the Polish nationality.

AUDITORS WHO DIDN'T AUDIT.

The Westmoreland County Auditors, in their burning ambition to make mighty mountains out of miserable little mole hills, have placed themselves in an uncomfortable position. In reviewing and auditing the accounts of the various county officers, they refused to allow certain expenses. Recently in auditing the returns of Supervisor John J. Baughman, of Hempfield township, they reported his accounts about $2,000 short. The announcement of Mr. Baughman's shortage created considerable excitement. He is a capable, trustworthy gentleman. His friends were astonished, and his bondsmen felt outraged. Execution was issued against Baughman. His personal effects were sacrificed at Sheriff's sale, and his bondsmen were notified to make good the difference between the $2,000 and the amount realized by the sale of the supervisor's property.

Investigation has developed the startling fact that the auditors had made a mistake, and that Baughman was not a delinquent. The auditors to protect themselves drew up a paper which they asked Baughman to sign, releasing them from any further liability, and agreed, in case he should do so to fix things with the county. But Baughman refused to sign, and intends to appeal from the Auditors' report, and intends suing for the sacrifice of his property. In all the other cases where the auditors have refused to allow bills the parties interested will contest the cases, and will probably involve the county in a huge bill of expenses.

Mr. J. Q. Stewart, Chairman of the Executive Committee, announces that the Thirty-first Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Teachers' Association will be held in the opera house, at Harrisburg, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, July 7th, 8th and 9th.

The program has been carefully prepared by the executive committee, and all arrangements for a successful meeting have been completed.

Orders for excursion tickets on the several railroads can be procured by addressing J. F. Sickel, Germantown, Pa., not later than July 3d.

Hotels and boarding houses will make the usual reduction in rates to members of the Association.

An excursion to Gettysburg has been arranged for Friday, July 10. Fare for round trip will not exceed one dollar and twenty-five cents.

An excursion has also been arranged to Fortress Monroe, Richmond and Washington, returning to Harrisburg within ten days. The excursion will go from Baltimore to Fortress Monroe 118 miles, by steamer. The round trip ticket will cost nine dollars.

The United Presbyterian General Assembly has left to the various congregations the question of deciding whether or not they shall have instrumental music in their churches. This action is a wise one, and disposes finally of a question which has been troublesome for a long time, and has been the subject of several exciting contests in the church synods and elsewhere.

Last Saturday twenty-eight divorces were granted in Philadelphia. A pretty good crop—warm weather may stimulate it.

Governor Pattison does not say positively that he will call the Legislature into extra session after the adjournment next Friday. The question was put to him directly if he proposed such a course, and he declined to answer it. He said that a number of persons had appealed to him, in the event of an extra session, to include among the subjects of consideration the Anti-Discrimination bill.

There is a growing sentiment that there will be a special session. Senator Reyburn, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Appropriations, says there is no doubt about it. Many other members are of a similar opinion.

A temperance lecture in brief: Mrs. Mary Simmons refused to give her husband money to buy whisky, when he drew a knife and stabbed her in the breast, killing her instantly. Simmons has been arrested.

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

This new Wonder of the World, which is now being loaded on the French transport Isere for shipment to this country, is the largest statute in the world. Some idea of its magnitude may be obtained from the fact that forty persons found standing room within the head. A six foot man standing on the level of the lips just reached the eyebrow. While workmen were working on the crown of her head they seemed to be making a huge sugar caldron, and they jumped with ease in and out the tip of the nose. Fifteen people might sit around the flame of the torch, which elevation can be reached by a spiral staircase within the outstretched arm.

The London *Daily News* in speaking of it says: "It is out and away the largest statue of modern times. The Colossus of Rhodes was nothing to it. It could carry the "Bavaria" or the "Herman" in its arms. It towers to the skies from the yard of the Rue de Chazelles, where it has been eight years in construction, and the view from its coronet sweeps clear of the six-story houses and beyond the walls of Paris."

The weight of this stupendous statue is 440,000 pounds, of which 176,000 lbs. are copper and the remainder wrought iron. It will be erected on Bedloe's Island, this being the location selected for it by Gen. W. T. Sherman, who was appointed by the President to make the selection. When placed in position it will loom up 305 feet above tide water, the height of the statue being 151.2 feet, that of the pedestal 91 feet, and foundation 52.10 feet.

This imposing statue, higher than the enormous towers of the great Brooklyn bridge or the steeple of the Trinity church, which is the loftiest in the city of New York,—higher, in fact, than any of the collossal statues of antiquity,—by its rare artistic proportions, as well as by its stupendous dimensions, will add another to the wonders of the world. A word should be said of its artistic merit. The pose, stride and gesture, with its classic face, are pronounced perfect; the drapery is both massive and fine, and in some parts is as delicate and silky as if wrought with a fine chisel on the smallest scale.

The conception and execution of this great work are due to the great French sculptor, M. Bartholdi, who has devoted eight years of his life and much of his fortune to this great work, and whose generous impulses, which must be on a scale commensurate with this noble work, prompted him to make such a gift to the United States. The committee in charge of the construction of the base and pedestal for the reception of this great work are in want of funds for its completion, and have prepared a miniature statuette, an exact counterpart of the original, six inches in height, being made of bronze, the pedestal of nickel silver, which they are now delivering to subscribers throughout the United States for the small sum of $1 each. Aside from it being a lasting souvenir of this colossal statute, it will ornament our homes and bear testimony that we have contributed to the completion of one of the grandest works of modern times. All remittances should be addressed to Richard Butler, Secretary American Committee of the Statue of Liberty, No. 33 Merstreet, N. Y. The committee are also prepared to furnish a model, in same metals, 12 inches in height, at $5 each, delivered.

We feel assured our people will be only too eager to testify their grateful sense of the friendliness of this magnanimous offer on the part of the French people, and to reciprocate the kindly and liberal sentiments in which it originated, by thus aiding in an active prosecution of the labors that may be required to give the statue an appropriate base and pedestal. Now is the time to do it. Whoever wishes to have the honor and pleasure of contributing to the erection of the grandest statue of any age, to say nothing of the sentiment that should be welcomed and encouraged, must act promptly, for the money will be raised as sure as the sun rises. Every subscriber sending $1 will be supplied with a miniature counterpart of the great and imperishable statue of

"Liberty Enlightening the World."

THE CASHMERE EARTHQUAKE.

London, June 5.—An official dispatch from Seringaur gives the number of killed and wounded by the earthquake there on Sunday and Monday last as follows: Killed, 87; wounded, 109. The official reports have not been received yet from the other points in the vale of Cashmere affected by the earthquake shocks, and until these come to hand the full extent of the calamity cannot be known.

Whole cities and towns in the Vale are spoken of as destroyed, and the absence of definite news is attributed to the demolition of the telegraph lines in the general wreck and chaos. In consequence the magnitude of the calamity and the numbers of the killed and wounded are left for the imagination to supply.

A MANIAC'S WILD RIDE.

EXCITING TRIP ON THE WABASH RAILROAD.

A Madman Captures a Train and Terrifies the Passengers with a Revolver—Desperate Battle with Chicago Officers, in which a Policeman is Killed.

Chicago, May 31.—Passenger train No. 6 on the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific Railroad, arrived here to-day an hour and a half late, in charge of a madman. Out of the twelve or fifteen men, officers and citizens, who finally secured him, one officer is dead, shot through the body, another probably fatally wounded, several citizens injured, and the lunatic himself lies in the county hospital, mortally wounded with three bullets in him.

Shortly before noon to-day the station policeman at the Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific depot, on Polk street, received the following dispatch:

Chenoa, Ill., May 31.

I have an insane man on my train, who has possession of one car. The police at Kansas City, Jacksonville and Peoria were afraid to take him. Please send ten or twelve policemen out on No. 1 to take him when we arrive in Chicago. They had better come in citizens' clothes. They will have to look sharp or some one will get hurt. PUTNAM, Conductor No. 6.

No. 6 which left Kansas City last night was due here at 2:50 p. m. There was difficulty in starting out No. 1 as directed in the dispatch, and it was decided to meet the train at the depot. Officers Casey, Ryan, Murphy, Rowan, Dohney, Welsh, Stenning, Barrett and Keenan in uniform, and Smith, Terry, Amstein, O'Brien and McLaughlin in citizens' clothes, under the command of Lieutenant Laugh, made up the squad which arrived at the depot ten minutes before the train was due. The train being delayed, as was subsequently learned by ineffectual efforts to capture the lunatic, the police were forced to wait more than an hour. After considerable anxious speculation as to the condition of things on board No. 6, the officers were finally anything but reassured by a dispatch from a suburban station warning them that the maniac was well armed and would resist. A little later No. 6 appeared in sight, and the police separated so as to form two squads and awaited her arrival on either side of the track. As the train approached, the whistle sounded a number of warning notes in quick succession. People hanging half way out of the car windows were seen to gesticulate wildly to the crowd. Before the train had come to a stand still a dozen passengers jumped to the ground and fled, looking back with blanched faces. Officer Barrett was the first to observe the lunatic. Barrett was standing near the rear end of the smoking car; the madman, with leveled revolver, glared at him from the platform of the chair car, the length of one car distant. Barrett turned half around and stopped instantly, but too late, a ball from the lunatic's revolver struck him in the side, and in five minutes he was dead.

One look at the maniac was enough to satisfy any one that while his ammunition lasted he would not be taken alive. Seeing this, the officers after taking away their wounded comrade, began a fusilade, through the windows of the smoking car, where the madman had taken refuge. After a minute or two he plunged out on the platform, fired a couple of shots into the crowd, leaped from the train and dashed down Fourth avenue. Officer Laughlin started in hot pursuit, and at him he fired the last shot in his weapon, but without effect. The maniac stopped there and awaited Laughlin's coming with gleaming eyes and frothing mouth. They clinched, the officer tripped his prisoner and they both fell, the madman meanwhile beating Laughlin unmercifully on the head with his revolver. The officer was in citizen's clothes and was set upon and terribly pounded by an excited colored man, who mistook the officer for the prisoner.

The rest of the squad arrived shortly. The maniac was secured, taken first to a cell and then to a hospital to have his wounds dressed. When he realized that further resistance was useless he grew calm, and said quite rationally that his name was Louis Reaume; that he was 33 years old, and was enroute to his home in Detroit from Denver.

The train men of No. 6 tell a thrilling story of the trip from Kansas City. When the man boarded the train there he remarked that people were after him to lynch him, and if left alone he would molest no one. At El Paso, Ill., he became violent, and with revolver in hand, ordered the train men to cease making some changes in the make-up of the train. The passengers all left the chair car, which the madman made his headquarters, and were locked into the others. No one dared approach the lunatic, and after he had exchanged several shots with the city marshal he ordered the train to proceed, and from there to Chicago his will was the only law obeyed.

Since his wounds have been dressed Reaume has become somewhat more communicative. He says he is a French Canadian by birth and a fresco painter by trade, and has a wife and three children in Detroit. He wore a white sombrero, and as he ran down Fourth ave., was thought by the residents to be a cowboy on a spree. As the train on which he arrived was passing through the outskirts of the city a man named Spruck jumped aboard the platform where the maniac stood. Reaume at once blazed away with his revolver, a ball just grazing Spruck's chin, and taking a button from his coat. Spruck stepped off and waited for another train.

In the fight at the depot the maniac reloaded as fast as his weapon was emptied, and altogether more than 150 shots were fired.

CUTTING A TUNNEL.

Describing the work on a large tunnel in Pennsylvania, a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* gives this account of the manner in which the work is pushed:

"Inside the tunnel a bustling scene is presented. The racket and rumble of the drills, the hurry and flurry of labor, the shouts of the engineers giving instructions to the men, the yells of the car-drivers to the mules moving mysteriously with their loads through the dark, the flickering of wandering lights, the ceaseless drip of water from the cold roof above and the possibility of rocks falling down upon one at any moment, make up an experience novel, indeed, to the uninitiated. One set of men work from 6 o'clock in the morning until 6 in the evening, and are then relieved by another set, who work all night until 6 in the morning. Not a moment is lost. Everything is hurried forward. Workmen have no chance to dally, for time is eminently money in making a tunnel. Men get killed or laid up, but the work goes right on. Large masses of rock sometimes crumble from the roof and come crashing down, sometimes killing a man or two, sometimes not. Lately, owing to the thawing of frost-bound rocks and to the spring rains, accidents of this kind have been unusually frequent.

All the latest improved machinery is used. A mammoth steam shovel is operated in loading trucks with earth and rocks. This tunnel is to have a double track. No coal or ore of any kind has yet been struck in the tunnel, notwithstanding Tuscarora Mountain and the neighboring mountains were believed to contain hematite. The rocks cut out of the tunnel are all of slate formation, with an occasional admixture of limestone and soapstone. These rocks are piled up in vast banks a short distance from the portals of the tunnel. The masses of slate, diversely tinted, placed side by side, dark blue, gray, red, brown and sage green, form to the eye a pretty contrast of color.

About 600 men are employed on this tunnel and about the same number on each of the other large tunnels in the neighborhood. Every man wears rubber boots for protection against the water, which collects on the floor of the tunnel. An average man wears out fifteen or twenty pairs of boots in a year. The majority of the men are newly-imported Italians and Hungarians. There are some few Swedes and a number of negroes and white Americans from Virginia and Maryland. The men of each nationality encamp in the settlements here by themselves. Most of the negroes are accompanied by their families, but among the foreigners there are but few women and no children. They live in very close quarters, sometimes upward of fifty of them living together in one shanty, where they cook, eat and sleep in a single apartment, without screens or partitions.

BURN THE DEAD ANIMALS.

Says the Philadelphia *Record*: The plan of burying the bodies of animals who had died of contagious diseases is declared to be unsafe, as the disease poison works its way through the soil and infects other animal. Following the experiments of M. Aime Girard, it is proposed to dissolve them in concentrated sulphuric acid, which, while destroying the body, effectually destroys all disease germs. This care for dumb creatures is all very well, but gives rise to the question why they should be better guarded against infection than human creatures. Year after year myriads of the victims of contagion are buried in the earth, and the disease poison is left to work its way upward to myriads of others, who in turn take their places with the rest. Hermetically sealed burial boxes and private funerals or cremation would no doubt lessen the numbers of this ghastly succession. Why should not some such measure be enforced? It is only fair to give to our fellow-men the same attention we bestow upon the beasts of the field.

INSECTS IN THE TROPICS.

"It will hardly be credited by those who have never visited a hill country in the tropics," writes a recent traveller, "that soon after sunrise the noise of awakening beetles and tree-loving insects is so great as to drown the bellowing of a bull, or the roar of a tiger a few paces off. The sound resembles most nearly the metallic whirr of a hundred Lowell looms. One beetle in particular, known to the natives (of Penang) as the 'trumpeter,' busies himself all day long in producing a booming noise with his wings. I have cautiously approached a tree on which I knew a number of these trumpeter-beetles to have settled, when suddenly the sound stopped, the alarm was spread from tree to tree, and there was a lull in the forest music, which only recommenced when I had returned to the beaten track."

CIGARS AND PIPES.

Cigars were not known until 1815. Previous to that time pipes were used exclusively. Chewing had then been in vogue to a limited extent for some time, while snuffing dates back almost as far as smoking. The first package sent to Catherine de Medici was in fine powder. She found that smelling it in the box affected her similarly to smoking, which led her to fill one of her smelling bottles with the dust. Her couriers adopted the habit of snuffing small portions of it up their nostrals, and as the precious stuff became more plentiful the snuffing habit became more general, until at last a man or woman was not considered as in proper from unless they snuffed

This custom became so common in England that a snuff-box was no longe a sign of rank. Then it was the law prohibiting the culture of the plant, except for medicine, was passed. About the same time a heavy tariff was placed on the imported article, there by practically placing it beyond the reach of the common herd and giving royality a complete monopoly.

Since it first began to be used as a luxury, there have been conflicting opinions in regard to its effects. The Roman Church once forbade its use and the Church of England declaimed against it. The Wesleys opposed it hotly, and at one time it was considered so unclean as to unfit men for membership in the Methodist Church. Baptist and Presbyterian ministers preached against it, and societies were organized to oppose the spread of the habit, but all to no purpose. Parents disowned and disinherited their children because they used it and husbands divorced their wives on account of their having contracted the habit of smoking.

It is singular that when women get into the habit of smoking a pipe they prefer a strong one. There are few men who have nerve enough to smoke a pipe such as a woman likes when she has become a confirmed smoker. When they first begin puffing cigars they prefer them very mild, but it is not long until they want then black, and lots of them.

The first chew or first cigar is long remembered, for they almost invaribly produce a sickness only paralled by that of sea-sickness, and like the latter, the victim is not at all frightened, but wants to die, or at least does not care whether he lives or not. As soon as the attack is over, however, he is ready to try it again. By patience and presistance the nauseating effects are overcome and the deathly sickness gives place to delightful sensations.

Spanish and Portugues ladies, of all ranks, smoke cigaretts—little cigars, not those vile paper things that pollute the air, but fine flavored, little cigars. They are also used to a considerable extent in France, but the custom has never prevailed to any great extent in England and America. The pipe is less popular among ladies in this country now than it was fifty years ago. In the Southern States, however, the women of the middle and lower classes nearly all either smoke or rub snuff, and not a few do both. Storekeepers in many parts of the South buy snuff by the barrel and keep it under the counter with the sugar and coffee.

SOLOMON'S STABLES.

A correspondent thus describes one of the most famous of the ruined monuments of the greatness of Jerusalem: Descending a flight of stone steps, we found ourselves in a most wonderful series of underground vaults. These vaults evidently boasted of an antiquity of centuries anterior to the Christian era, and yet were marvilously well preserved. In some places the rubbish was so deep that we were within ten feet of the arched roofs, and again it was at least forty feet to the roof, showing the real altitud of the supporting piers. We wandered hither and thither by the aid of candles, sometimes in stygian darkness on the brows of greedy chasms, and then again in broad daylight. I suppose these magnificent vaults reach over acres of ground, and perhaps honeycomb the whole mountain. Doubtless, further investigation would bring to light discoveries of great interest. I measured one of the stones, and found it to be just sixty feet long and perhaps four feet square. Without much thought, I incline to the belief that these really were Solomon's stables, and therefore among the wonders which the Queen of Sheba inspected. I reason this out on very simple grounds. Solomon certainly had some magnificant establishment of this sort, for we read in the twenty-sixth verse of the fourth chapter of First Kings that he "had forty thousand stalls of horses for his chariots and twelve thousand horsemen." The Jewish bevels on the stones throw these vaults back to a very remote past. These two facts dovetail together well. Beside that, Josephus speaks of vast subterranean vaults of the temple, in which people hid themselves at the time of the investment of the city of Titus.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—John A. King, one of the lay incorporators of the Cathedral of the Incarnation at Garden City, Long Island, stated on the 22d, that Mrs. Stewart had signed an agreement to pay the sum of $15,000 annually for the support of the institutions recently transferred by her to the corporation and had executed a penal bond in the sum of $300,000 to secure its payment in perpetuity. The agreement and bond will be placed by Mrs. Stewart on the Cathedral altar at the same time she presents the deed of the Cathedral property.

—Colonel Herchmer, at Battleford, Northwest Territory, has telegraphed to the Inspector of Mounted Police at Winnipeg, as follows: "All the teamsters taken by Poundmaker's Indians have been released, and he has sent in here asking for terms of peace."

—The extra session of the Legislature of New York terminated on the 22d by adjournment sine die, both Houses having passed a Census bill.

—The President oh the 23d, appointed Michael Phelan, of Missouri, to be Consul-General at Halifax; Walter H. Bunn, United States Marshal for Northern New York; John C. Wickliffe, United States Attorney for Kentucky; Henry W. McCarry, United States Attorney for Western Tennessee, and Edmund G. Ross, Governor of New Mexico. Mr. Phelan, the new Consul-General at Halifax, was born in Nova Scotia about 43 years ago, is editor of the St. Louis *Western Watchman*, and was for several years a member of the Senate of Missouri. Mr. Bunn, the U. S. Marshal for Northern New York, is Secretary of the Democratic Committee of that State, and was at one time Clerk of the Assembly. Edmnnd G. Ross, the new Governor of New Mexico, was a soldier of the War for the Union, in which he enlisted as a private. He was a member of the Kansas Constitutional Convention of 1859 and was U. S. Senator from Kansas from 1866 to 1871.

—The resignation of S. S. Cox as Congressman from the Eigth New York district was received by Governor Hill on the 23d.

—The Postmaster General has awarded to the Holyoke Envelope Company of Holyoke, Massachusetts, the contract for supplying the official envelopes required by the department during the next fiscal year.

—A telegram from New Orleans says the following Philadelphia exhibitors at the World's Fair have received first-class medals: John Mundell & Co., children's solar tip shoes; N. S. Seguin self closing umbrellas and parasols; Walter G. Wilson, best assortment bakers' staples, Biun's Patent Band Company, gold and silver trimmings, bullion cord, and yarn; H. H. Edgarton & Co., electrical motor; J. M. Fostor, apparatus for supplying cars with gas.

—The funeral of ex-secretary Frelinghuysen took place on the 23d at Newark, New Jersey, and was largely attended, many distinguished citizens being present. The State Department at Washington was closed as a mark of respect.

—General Grant had a comparatively comfortable day on the 24th. Drs. Douglass and Shrady examined the General's throat in the afternoon. When Dr. Shrady left the house he said: "The pain in the glands under the jaw is less than in the three days past. The ulcers at the base of the tongue and in the throat have shown no tendency to increase since last Sunday. The general condition is favorable, though the present weather is somewhat depressing in its effect." During the day the General received a number of visitors, among them Senator Gorman, Senor Romero, General Horace Porter and Messrs. George Jones and Jesse Seligman.

—An election was held in Pima county, Arizona, on the 23d, to determine whether $200,000 should be granted to the Calabasas, Tucson and Northwestern Railroad Company. The measure was carried by a large majority.

The rectifying house of Elias Block & Sons' distillery, in Prestonville, Kentucky, was burned on the 23d. Loss $25,000. A large barn on the farm of David Askgard, near Hickson, Dakota, was struck by lightning on the same day and consumed, together with an adjoining granary.

—General Grant's condition continued favorable on the 25th. In the afternoon Dr. Douglas found the General "free of all pains in the region of the ear, which has been the seat of the darting pains that are understood to be characteristic of cancer." The doctor thought the patient's throat "less sore and painful than in some weeks, and he found the swelling of the glands below and behind the ear to have much abated." Col. John Mason Brown, of Louisville, on the 25th presented to General Grant the engrossed resolutions and speeches at a meeting of Federal and Confederate veterans held on the anniversary of the General's birthday. They are engrossed on alternate pages of blue and gray, according to the colors of the speakers, and make a beautiful volume. General Grant was much affected by the demonstration.

—The Secretary of the Treasury has awarded a gold medal to John P. F. Hagan, of Philadelphia, for heroic services in saving the lives of twelve boys who fell into the Schuylkill river in February last; also a silver medal to Harry Rutler, of Atlantic City, for heroic conduct in saving the lives of D. E. Jackson at that place last summer.

—The contract for furnishing postage stamps for the next four years has been awarded by the Postmaster General to the American Bank Note Company of New York, the lowest bidder.

—The nine residents of Welsh Mountain recently arrested on the charge of harboring "Abe" Buzzard had a hearing at Lancaster, Penna., on the 25th. All were discharged except Martin Buzzard and Henderson Marshall, who were bound over for trial.

—The Yosemite stage which left Madera, California, on the 22d, was robbed by highwaymen near Clark's Station. Among the passengers were several excursionists, who lost all their money and jewelry. The Wells, Farg & Co's treasure box was also taken.

—The Secretary of War on the 25th, telegraphed to the commanding Generals of the Divisions of the Pacific and the Misouri as follows: "Use every exertion possible, and call for all the assistance of Federal troops you may require to suppress Indian outbreaks in Arizona and New Mexico. These outrages must be stopped in the shortest time possible, and every precaution taken to prevent their occurrence in the future."

—The Post-master General made 108 changes in fourth-class post-offices on the 23d. It is stated that of these 108 changes, 88 were among the Virginia Post-masters. In some cases the removals were made "for cause," but in most instances the list bears the simple endorsement, "removed," which is explained at the Department as meaning that the removal was for "offensive partisanship."

—The president will probably visit New York on the 30th inst., and take part in the local observance there of Decoration Day. Secretary Bayard will leave Washington next week for the West, to deliver an oration on Thomas Jefferson at the State University of Missouri.

—The improvement in General Grant's condition continued on the 26th. He did not take a drive, however, his two last drives having been followed by an increase of pain in the throat. Besides, he spent some time in revising the first printed sheets of his book and inserting new matter. Dr. Douglas after having seen the General in the afternoon, said he seemed freer from pain and feeling better than at any time for two months past.

—It is said that the President has reconsidered his determination to give the Chinese mission to a Californian, on account of the feeling of the people of California towards the Chinese.

—A bottle has been found in Fish Creek, which empties into Lake Superior, containing a piece of paper on which was written: "On board Manistee. Terrible storm to-night; may not live to see morning. Yours to the world, John McKay." Captain McKay was commander of the steamer Manistee, which was foundered eighteen months ago, and none of her crew were ever found.

—The genuine Hassian fly, heretofore confined to the wheat belts east of the Rocky Mountains, has appeared on the Pacific coast. A specimen of the insect has been sent to the Agricultural Department at Washington.

—The seventeen-year locusts have appeared in East Carroll Parish, Louisiana, but have done no damage to the crops.

—The President has ordered all the Government departments in Washington to be closed on Decoration Day to allow the employes to participate in the memorial exercises.

—There was little or no change in the situation at Plymouth, Penna., on the 26th. One death occurred during the night, and three new patients were admitted to the hospital in the morning. The ward committees report thirty new cases for the week.

—The 31st annual session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of Good Templars opened on the 26th in Toronto.

—General Grant did not sleep more than three or four hours on the 26th, but his condition was quiet and comfortable and he did not suffer from pain. His physicians attributed his sleeplessness to the fact that he did an unusual amount of literary work on Tuesday. His condition on the 27th, however, was quite good. He drove out in the afternoon, and in the evening took a walk to Madison avenue and back.

—Secretary Lamar was seized with a chill on the 26th, and his physician ordered him to remain in the house on the 27th.

—Edgar Cowan, ex-United States Senator is reported to be dying of cancer at his home in Greensburg, Penna.

—The President on the 27th, appointed Edward Campbell, Jr., to be U. S. Marshal for Southern Iowa. He is the candidate of the Iowa Congressmen, and gets the place for which C. L. Williams was at first selected. The President appointed the following Postmasters in Pennsylvania: Wm. Strohmeier, at Ashland, in place of William H. Lieb, resigned; David K. Boyer, at Tamaqua, to succeed Mary McGuigan, whose commission had expired; and S. R. Kindt, at Shenandoah, in place of James Wooley, whose commissioh had expired.

—In the Senate of Michigan on the 27th the Dodge Telephone bill was defeated on third reading by a vote of 43 to 33. The bill placed the rate for telephones at $2.50 per month, with 20 per cent. reduction when more than one instrument was used by the same firm; rates between towns to be ten cents.

—The 27th was a day of festivity at Selin's Grove, Penna., it being the day set apart by the Governor for the transfer to the people of the monument erected by the State to the memory of Governor Simeon Snyder.

—The convention of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Maryland opened on the 27th in Baltimore. Bishop Paret presided.

—The Indian chief Poundmaker, with thirty of his council and subchiefs, went to General Middleton's camp at Battleford, in the Northwest Territory, on the 26th, and surrendered without conditions. They had with them 200 stand of arms. Poundmaker and five of his principal men were made prisoners, and also two who confessed that they murdered Payne and Freemont. The rest were ordered back to their reserve pending a decision by the Government in their case.

—Adjutant General Drum on the 27th received a telegram from General Bradley, saying that he "would need no additional troops to settle the Indian disturbance unless additional outbreaks should occur"

—Venezuela has more territory than France.

Killed a Turkey and Saved His Life.

There is in possession of the descendants of Colonel Andrew Ellicott, of Butler county, a wampum belt of rare beauty and value, which is preserved as a memento of the shrewdness and skill of the great surveyor, by which he not only became the possessor of the belt, but saved his life and the life of many others. Directly after the purchase of Louisiana from the French Government, Col. Ellicott was sent by the United States Government to survey the boundary line between the new territory and Mexico, which then included Texas.—He was accompanied by a large corps of engineers and 100 Government troops. They had penetrated into the interior of the then wild country, when one day Ellicot and his corps of engineers found themselves surrounded by a large body of Blackfeet Indians, by whom the entire party was captured. Col. Ellicot had a half-breed interpreter, who found out that it was the intention of the Indians to massacre the white captives, and he informed the chiefs that his master was a great medicine man who could do many wonderful things, among them being his ability to kill a man or any living thing at a distance of 150 yards, while the object he shot at was hidden from view behind a tree, and he would not aim at it or shoot through the trees. The chiefs said that if the interpreter's master would kill a wild turkey in that way they would give the whole party their liberty. Col. Ellicott was not a good rifle shot, but he was able to do many clever things in shooting by means of mechanical tricks. When the decision of the chiefs was given they procured the wild turkey and told Col. Elicott to exhibit his power. Confident of his success he drove a stake in the ground a few feet beyond the trunk of a tree with an axe. Tying the turkey firmly to the stake so it could not move from its position, he walked in an oblique direction to one side of the tree and struck the blade of his axe apparently with design, into the ground and then made a mark on it with chalk. Pacing off the 150 yards, he aimed at the chalk mark and fired. An Indian chief ran behind the tree and brought the turkey out dead, the ball glancing from the axe having passed clear through its body, with such nicety had Col. Ellicott calculated the angles. The principal chief was so delighted with the feat that he unclasped the magnificent belt he wore and fastened it about Col. Elicott's waist. The surveyors were given their liberty and the belt worn by the Colonel insured him and his party safety and reverence during the remainder of the survey.

West Point.

Said an old soldier, "they have their schools in France, and England, and Germany, where the various branches are taught, but in our West Point Academy we have all the features of military life for the student, so that when he graduates from it he is a thorough soldier, fit for the cavalry, or infantry, or artillery, as he may prefer." A candidate on receiving his appointment, is ordered to report at West Point to the Superintendent of the Military Academy in time to appear before the Academic Board for examination at its meeting early in June, unless there is good reason for designating another time. Soon after his arrival he is subject to a rigid physical examination by a board of experienced surgeons of the army. If he pass successfully this examination he is then examined by the Academic Board. In January following he is subject to another academic examination, and if he pass this one successfully he receives a warrant as a cadet, and is required to sign articles binding himself to serve the United States eight years from the time of his admission to the Academy, unless sooner discharged. The age for the admission to the Academy is between seventeen and twenty-two years. Candidates must be unmarried, at least five feet in height, and free from any deformity, disease or infirmity which may render them unfit for military service. They must be well versed in reading, writing, (including orthography), in arithmetic, and have a knowledge of the elements of the English grammer, of descriptive geography, particularly of this country, and of the history of the United States. No provision whatever is made for the payment of the traveling expenses of either accepted or rejected candidates for admission to the Academy, but the pay of a cadet is $540 per year, beginning with his admission to the institution. He must wear the prescribed uniform, the cost of the outfit for which is $30.

"Are the duties so severe and the studies so hard that more than half of those who enter fail as you have stated?"

"Yes the work is very hard. The activities have no break throughout the entire year. Work begins with the first of September lasts to the end of the year. After a few days consumed in examinations another term begins, which lasts till the 31st of May. Then comes examinations which last till the middle of June, from whence until the 28th of August the cadets live in camp on the plain. During this period no regular studies are pursued, books being largely thrown aside for practical work, such as surveying astromonical observations, etc. Practical surveying in the field during the season of camping out aptly supplements the studies in drawing. "The study of military tactics comprises practical instruction in the schools of the soldier, company and battallion, and in artillery and cavalry. With the third year the successful cadet is advanced to the study of natural and experimental philosophy, chemistry, minerology and geology, freehand drawing and landscape in black and white, constructive and architectural drawing in ink and colors, while tactics are continued and practical military engineering added to the hard work of the period. In the last year the scope of studies pursued is enlarged by the addition of civil and military engineering and the science of war, the Spanish language, international, constitutional and military law, outlines of the history of the world, and technical instruction in ordinance and gunnery signalling. Along with these and other subjects of book study comes practical instruction in the construction of pontoon and spar bridges, in laying out field and siege works, in astronomy, surveying, military reconnoisance, field telegraphy, signalling and of course tactics. As regards the last named, care is taken that each day adds to the cadet's acquaintance with these throughout the whole course of four years. From September to the 15th of June, cavalry drill is practiced at West Point with great assiduity. The exercises are carried on in the plain when the weather is suitable, and during stormy days riding is taught in a hall erected for the purpose. A perfect seat on horseback is secured to the possession of every cadet by the course pursued, which comprises the performance of surprising feats, as for example, picking up objects from the ground when thl horse was at a full gallop without alighting. Men are exercised in attempts to unseat one another while on horseback, the use of the revolver and sabre under the same circumstances, and in other ways serving the object of making them proficient in the employment of such instruments of war as are carried by cavalry in actual service. Infantry drill is practiced throughout September; in October, artiliery drill. During the cold weather of November, December and down to March 15th, the cadets have target practice under cover. In the second half March, infantry drill prevails. On April 1st artillery begins and lasts throughout the ensuing two calendar months. Infantry drill is then resumed and alternates with artillery drill to the end of August.

An Historic Cannon-Ball.

We found the old St. Paul's, erected 150 years ago, almost the only building that escaped the great conflagration of the town in 1776. It is an object of much interest, is built of brick, and the walls have the bluish-glazed appearance caused, it is said, by extra heating of the kiln; and there, three feet below the eaves, in one corner, on the side facing the river, half imbedded, was the famous cannon ball. When the fissure was first discovered, the ball was missing. It was supposed to have been displaced by the heating of the walls when the interior of the church was burned in the war of the Revolution. About eighty years after, a man having an idea of cause and effect, given the hole, reasoned that the object that caused it must be somewhere in the vicinity, and digging in the ground below the spot, was rewarded by finding the identical ball fired into the town by the British so many years ago. It weighed twenty pounds and a half, but it was thought its weight had been diminished by corrosion, and that it was orignally a twenty-four-pound shot. It was afterward cemented into the original cavity, and there it rests, amidst the ivy, and, as the books say, is a "fit and lasting monument of British folly and oppression."

Paris to be a Seaport.

The old idea of making Paris a seaport, ventilated in 1825, has again been taken up by an engineer, M. Bouquet de la Gyre, who is a member of the Institute. He proposes to deepen the Seine between Rouen, where large vessels can sail or be towed up from the sea, and Poissy, a pleasant summer resort of many Parisians, within easy distance of the metropolis. The distance to be deepened is something over ninety-three miles. The projector, however, says nothing of the dangers likely to result from the numerous islands which stud the Seine between Poissy and Rouen, and which would render river navigation exceedingly dangerous for vessels of large tonnage, such as those that pick their way so carefully from Havre to Rouen.

The cost of deepening the Seine, with its tortuous windings between Poissy and the Norman town, is estimated at $30,000,000. The engineers who, in 1825, conceived this gigantic plan spent $10,000 in studying the problem, but their labors were interrupted by the revolution of 1830, and the project has been since in abeyance.

Men in responsible situations cannot, like those in private life, be governed solely by the dictates of their own inclinations, or by such motives as can only affect themselves.

Queer Pets.

The private collection of curiosities of Dr. Louis Lotz in Milwaukee, is considered one of the best and largest in the northwest. It represents the accumulation of years, and is so extensive that to inspect it thoroughly would require several days. Among the most noteworthy curiosities in the collection is a Roman coin of silver, made when Christ was upon earth. It is about the size of a half dollar of the present day, but thinner. Upon its face is a Roman head, surrounded by a wreath and some Greek letters, while upon the reverse side is an embossed tree. The coin is highly prized by the doctor, and occupies a central position in the large number of old and curious coins, of every nation, of every size and shape, and ranging in intrinsic value from one quarter of a cent to $20.

Indian relics and curiosities occupy a separate case, embrace everything from a scalp to a war club. Arrow and spearheads of flint and agate are arranged in rows, according to size, and make attractive collection. Tomahawks and axes are numerous. The beholder cannot but wonder at the mechanical ingenuity of the red man, as he gazes upon these implements of warfare. Pottery and jewelry found in Indian mounds form a conspicious portion of this department.

A flint-lock pistol recalls to mind the day, of long ago, when our forefathers retired by the light of candle dip, and the telephone and electric light were unknown.

The doctor does not keep his entire collection at his residence. His store is a perfect curiosity shop, and resembles in many respects a tropical garden, containing, as it does, large tropical plants and animals. In a large tank near the stove in the center of the room reposes an alligator, Hans by name, and a young one. Hans is now nine years old, and has been in its present quarters many years. The animal is very docile, and is handled and fondled by Dr. Lotz with as much freedom as a babe is handled by its mother. To one unaccustomed to the sight a cold shiver is apt to pass along his spinal column as the Doctor kisses the repulsive-looking reptile, which is about four feet in length. The small one—but a foot long—is also tame, but will not permit itself to be touched by any one except Dr. Lotz. Bread and milk, with an occasional bit of meat, constitute the food of the reptiles. Two large snakes occupy a small case near the alligator's quarters. This case is not closed, and now and then a rustle will be heard in the palm tree standing near, and before one is fully aware of what is going on a pair of bright eyes will look into his and a forked tongue will dart out in apparently glad surprise. The snakes are allowed the liberty of the store and are quite friendly, gliding slowly up to a person to be stroked. The doctor handles them, and they in return nestle down in his pocket. To an observer the practice seems fraught with danger, but Dr. Lotz places great confidence in his peculiar pets and caresses them with impunity. Snakes and insects preserved in bottles are arranged on shelves, and the whole scene reminds one forcibly of a room of a professor of the black art, such as is seen in some spectacular plays.

A Woman's Kingdom.

Among the dependencies of Holland there is a remarkable little State, which in its inhabitants, surpasses the boldest dreams of the advocates of women's rights. In the Island of Java, between the Cities of Batavia and Samarang is the Kingdom of Bantam, which although tributary to Holland, is an independent State. The Sovereign is, indeed, a man, but all the rest of the government belongs to the fair sex. The King is entirely dependent upon his State Council. The highest authorities, military commanders and soldiers are, without exception, of the female sex. The Amazons ride in the masculine style, wearing sharp, steel points instead of spurs. They carry a pointed lance, which they swing very gracefully, and also a musket, which is discharged at full gallop. The capital of this little state lies in the most picturesque part of the island, in a tropical plain, and is defended by two well kept fortresses.

The King of the Belgians.

The King of the Belgians, who is just 50, may be said to enjoy one almost unique distinction Among the reigning princess of Christendom. Born heir-apparent to the Crown, he succeeded a father who died a natural death at a good old age and in secure possession of his scepter. The King of Italy was seventeen years old before a kingdom of Italy existed. The King of the Greeks is the founder of a dynasty. The King of Spain, if so disposed, might take counsel of two former rulers of his dominions who are still in the flesh, to say nothing of a pretender. The Czar ascended the throne of a murdered predecessor. The Emperors of Austria and Brazil derived their titles, in the first instance, from "acts of abdication" in their favor consequent upon revolutions. The Kings of Prussia, Sweden and Portugal all started in life as younger sons, the King of Denmark as a distant cousin, and our own Queen at the date of her birth stood but fifth in the succession to the crown.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Despair is the conclusion of fools.

Great men never want experience.

Ignorance never settles a question.

All men have their imprudent days.

He who gains time gains everything.

The unfortunate are always egotistical.

A wise man's day is worth a fool's life.

The other side of believing is trusting.

Ignorance is the dominion of absurdity.

Advice is not a popular thing to give.

He's armed without that's innocent within.

Keep clear of personalities in conversation.

Run no risks when your soul is at stake.

Character is a plant of the slowest growth.

Flowers are the silent messengers of beauty.

No one knows the weight of another's burden.

Prudery is a perfume that conceals vitiated air.

Hard work is the best remedy for temptations.

Leave no time for the enemy to get an entrance.

The wise man never makes the same blunder twice.

Great truths are often said in the fewest words.

Children have more need of models than of critics.

The stoutest heart loses hope under repeated defeat.

Grief counts the seconds, happiness forgets the hours.

Ill can he rule the great who cannot reach the small.

A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere.

We do more good by being good than in any other way.

Hope is the brightest star in the firmament of youth.

A profound thinker always suspects that he is superficial.

Almost everything that is great has been done by growth.

Good, the more communicated, the more abundant grows.

There is no other recourse or refuge from God than in Him.

Keep clear of a man who does not value his own character.

Better bend the neck promptly than to bruise the forehead.

He who proposes to be an author should first be a student.

Poverty is in want of much, but avarice of everything.

Wit is a merchandise that is sold but can never be bought.

By reading you enrich your mind, by conversation you polish it.

The winner is he who gives himself to his work body and soul.

It is not calling your neighbors names that settles questions.

We prize books, and they prize them most who are themselves wise.

Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it.

Adversity links men together: prosperity is apt to scatter them.

Better be dead and forgotten than living in shame and dishonor.

Small and steady gains give competency with tranquility of mind.

All who joy would win must share it. Happiness was born a twin.

It is more honest to acknowledge our faults than to boast of our merits.

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.

First keep thyself in peace, and then shalt thou be able to pacify others.

To persevere is one's duty and to be silent is the first answer to calumny.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for the want of a little courage.

If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage-ground of truth.

Some people have great knowledge of society, and little knowledge of mankind.

To enjoy the pleasure of wealth you should first experience the fatigue of labor.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you as they please.

It often happens that worthless people are merely people who are not worth knowing.

Prayer without watching is hypocrisy; and watching without prayer is presumption.

As any man may be compelled to eat his words, he should never indulge in bitter speeches

There is no strength in exaggeration, even the truth is weakened by being expressed too strongly.

Do not lose courage by considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them.

Idlers cannot ever find time to be idle, or the industrious to be at leisure. We must be always doing or suffering.

The more able a man is, if he makes ill use of his abilities, the more dangerous will he be to the commonwealth.

To be grateful for benefits received, is the duty of honest men—one of the sins that most offendeth God is ingratitude.

The very reason why men's talk, as a general thing, is nobler than women's, is because they have nobler things to talk about.

Excess generally causes reaction, and prudence a change in the opposite direction, whether it be in the reasons, or in individuals, or in governments.

No man can go into bad company without suffering for it. The homely old proverb has it very tersely: "A man can't bite the bottom out of a frying-pan without smutting his nose."

THE END.

The course of the weariest river
  Ends in the great gray sea;
The acorn, forever and ever,
  Strives upward to the tree;
The rainbow, the sky adorning,
  Shines promise through the storm;
The glimmer of coming morning
  Through midnight gloom will form.
By time all knots are riven,
  Complexal though they be,
And peace will at last be given,
  Dear, both to you and to me.

Then, though the path may be dreary,
  Look onward to the goal;
Though the heart and the head be weary,
  Let faith inspire the soul;
Seek the right, though the wrong be tempting,
  Speak truth at any cost;
Vain is all weak attempting
  When once the gem is lost.
Let strong hand and keen eye be ready
  For plain and ambushed foes;
Thought earnest and fancy steady
  Bear best unto the close.

The heavy clouds may be raining,
  But with evening comes the light;
Through the dark are low winds complaining,
  Yet the sunrise gilds the height;
And Love has his hidden treasure
  For the patient and the pure;
And Time gives his fullest measure
  To the workers who endure;
And the Word that no law has shaken
  Has the future pledge supplied;
For we know that when we "awaken"
  We shall be "satisfied."

LAWYER AND PARSON.

The Rev. Dr. Melton was just beginning to feel at home in his new parsonage when he was surprised one evening to receive a call from his classmate Harvey Leigh. In college days they had been friends and for awhile after their graduation they had exchanged letters and visits; but the letters and visits had come to an end long ago, and it was many years since they had met. As they sat in the book-lined study, each eyed the other curiously. Years sat lightly on Mr. Leigh, and he was dressed fashionably, almost youthfully. In his dark red neck scarf was thrust a gold dog's head with ruby eyes, and to the parson the scarf and the dog's head suggested a sporting character, and he wondered mildly that a highly respectable, prosperous, middle-aged lawyer should thus adorn his person.

"Well," Mr. Leigh said, "and how do you fancy the idea of becoming a metropolitan preacher, and seeing your sermon garbled in Monday morning's papers?"

"The papers didn't garble my sermon this week," the doctor said. "On the contrary, the reporters picked out the best and overlooked the worst in the kindest and most flattering fashion."

Mr. Leigh laughed. "You won't be amiable to reporters when you know them better. This is quite a change from your old life, and an agreeable change, no doubt. Or do you believe that God made the country and man made the town?"

"I believe that God made them both, and man tries his best to spoil both," the parson answered.

"Ah, that's neat—very neat. By the way, I ought to call you doctor. I read your book on the Atonement with a good deal of pleasure." The parson winced, but Mr. Leigh did not observe that. "I don't wonder the college doctored you for it, though your ideas must seem rather liberal to the musty old fogies who peddle out Latin and Greek theology."

"I came near being one of the musty old fogies myself," said Dr. Melton. "They wanted me to be a professor, but I prefer to be a parson."

"A city parson," said his guest.

"I am not so sure about the city part," Dr. Melton said, slowly. "It was pleasant up there in the country; I was attached to my people; I liked to potter about my garden. I was astonished when I received a call from New York. I don't know that I would have accepted it if one of my deacons had not had a promising son ready to fill my place, and I think that my congregation rather liked the idea of a young dominie. I had about come to the conclusion that I should live and die a country parson; but here I am."

"With six thousand dollars a year and a comfortable house," added Mr. Leigh.

The parson frowned. "A man with four children has no right to slight a chance of bettering his fortune; but it was not the money that brought me to New York. There is work here—" He broke off suddenly, perhaps because he saw the shadow of a sneer on Mr. Leigh's lips. "And you are still living in Philadelphia?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed; I would not live anywhere else. New Yorkers may turn up their noses and call it a village, but Philadelphia suits people who belong to the old Quaker stock."

"You have a son, I believe, to perpetuate the name?" the parson remarked.

"One son—an only child. Morton is twenty-four, and reading law in my office. A bright fellow too; never gives me a moment's uneasiness; always at work; steady-going; no boyish nonsense about him."

"Twenty-four?" the parson repeated, "and no boyish nonsense about him? There is a good deal of nonsense about my boys, I am hap—sorry to say. Still, I hope they won't disgrace me. Their mother thinks they are all right, and I am learning every day of my life that my wisdom as compared with others, is beneath contempt. I can hardly believe you have a son twenty-four. Why, you are a spruce young man yourself."

"Thanks to a life free from excesses of any kind," said Mr. Leigh. "And I married early—I advocate an early marriage, if a man has money enough to support a family. This waiting to scrape together a paltry income is terribly hard on a young man. Yes, I married early, and I have every reason to believe that my son will follow my example."

"And when is your boy to marry?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, it is not quite arranged yet."

"So you arrange marriages in Philadelphia? And this particular marriage is not quite arranged? Humph! I don't understand that sort of thing. Up in the country it is, 'Mary, I love you,' and 'Jack, I love you in return,' and then my services are called for. How does one arrange a marriage in Philadelphia?"

The touch of sarcasm was quite lost on Mr. Leigh, who had crossed his legs, and sat absorbing in thought, frowning at the patent leather tip of his neat shoe. His host watched him until he uncrossed his legs and looked up.

"Have you any daughters, doctor?" he asked.

"Two of them."

"Grown up?"

"I hope so; otherwise they will tower over my head."

"And do you understand them?" asked Mr. Leigh, with a gravity that made the parson's blue eyes twinkle and the corners of his mouth twitch.

"Oh, no, I don't understand them; I don't understand any creature in petticoats; but my daughters are good girls, and their mother assures me that they are remarkably gifted. What do I want to understand them for?"

"It might be an advantage under some circumstances," Mr. Leigh remarked.

"What is the matter? What girl do you want to understand?"

"My ward," answered Mr. Leigh. "She is an orphan, a far-away cousin of my wife, and she has lived with us for the past five years. She has a nice little fortune; she is pretty; she is well-bred—"

"That goes without saying," muttered the parson, stroking his long beard.

"But she hasn't a grain of common sense." Mr. Leigh rose, took up a position on the rug, slipped his left hand under the short tails of his cut-away coat, and gesticulated with his right as he warmed to his story. "Last summer," he began, "she was twenty-one, and just out of school. She went to Cape May with the Phippards, people in whom I placed the utmost confidence. I thought she was safe with them; but lo and behold! she must make the acquaintance of a young gentleman who held the responsible position of bookkeeper in one of our large hardware shops, a retail concern, and he has sold many a paper of tacks over the counter. I was in Europe; so this interesting tack-seller ran down to Cape May every Sunday, and staid until Monday. Then he had a clerk's two weeks' vacation, and he spent that at Cape May. I came back in October, and before I had been home twenty-four hours who should call at the house but this young man? He wanted to see me, and I saw him, and I was informed by him that he had wooed and won my ward. I asked if he proposed to take her to live over the shop."

Mr. Leigh's thin lips curled downward; he glanced at the parson for sympathy, but he encountered a steady, somewhat critical look.

"Why shouldn't they live over the shop?" Dr. Melton said.

"Oh, you don't understand," Mr. Leigh exclaimed, fretfully. "She has been brought up in luxury, and she ought to have some idea of what is proper and fitting. There has been a terrible time. Why, I assure you I have had the sympathy of all Philadelphia. This hardware man had the effrontery to say that he had money enough to take care of a wife, just as though he had never thought of my ward's little fortune. He begged me to go and see his employers—people I never heard of—and I told him that I did not want their recommendations; I did not propose to hire a bookkeeper. He was insolent, and I ordered him out. Then she blazed away at me, the weak, infatuated girl. I tried to reason with her; my wife talked to her; my son—well, you see, my son wanted to marry her, too, and he would have made just the husband for her, but she told him if he spoke to her she would ask the hardware man to protect her. Think of it! As though Morton would insult her—the best mannered man that ever lived."

"And Morton is very fond of her," he continued—"so fond of her, in fact, that he is waiting like a hero for this to blow over. I think the farce is nearly ended, for the hardware man became partner the other day in a nail factory or something of that sort, and a week ago he sailed for Europe. He will stay a year, traveling for his firm, and when he comes back—" Mr. Leigh broke off to smile astutely and to drop the lid over his left eye.

"I don't exactly understand your objections to him," said Dr. Melton slowly. "Does he drink or keep low company?"

"No," answered Mr. Leigh; "but—"

"I beg your pardon," said the doctor, interrupting him, "but I want to speak in his behalf. He must be industrious, and no fool, and prospering, or he would not have jumped into this new position. I confess I don't think you have made out a clear case. Of course you want to see your son happy; but if she does not love your son, that ends the matter. And if she does love this other man, and he is honest and upright, why should he not have her?"

"He is not her equal," said Mr. Leigh. "You know in Philadelphia—"

The parson rose up with a stifled exclamation.

"It is warm in here," he said. "I want a little fresh air; I am not used to a furnace-heated house. Poor girl! The city has not yet claimed me for its own, and I miss the fire-place in my old study. Poor fellow!"

He threw up the window, and looked out on a wide expanse of tiny high-fenced back yards; but overhead was the clear sea of sky, where the moon rode at an anchor amid the fleet of stars. He stood there, drawing in the crisp December air, until a tap sounded on the door. "Come in," he cried, and one of his daughters entered—a tall, slim girl with her father's blue eyes.

"Papa," she said, pressing close to him, and smiling mysteriously, "there are some people in the parlor."

"Drawing-room, my dear," said the doctor. "We are not in Philadelphia."

"We are not, but no matter," she returned. "I tell you there are some people in the parlor, and I think it is our first town wedding. She is very pretty, and she has the loveliest little bonnet you ever saw. Go marry 'em quick, and let me be a witness, only they have two witnesses with them."

He passed his arm about her and kissed her, she did not know why; then led her to his guest.

"Mollie, this is a classmate of mine. My daughter, Mr. Leigh—Mr. Harvey Leigh, of Phitadelphia. You must excuse me for a few minutes."

He went into the adjoining parlor. Yes, it was a wedding-party, no doubt, but the would-be bride and groom did not look like the brides and grooms that seek out a parson in such a fashion. The man was a gentleman, with a fine face and dignified bearing. The girl was pretty, but more than that, she had an air of courage, of self-reliance; she was not a weak piece of pink and white flesh. An older couple was with them, a somewhat frightened middle-aged man and a very nervous middle-aged woman, evidently his wife, for she clung to his arm helplessly.

"I am William Dunbar," said the young man. "And this," he added, turning to the young lady, "is Miss Kate Perry. We are both of age—in fact, I am thirty-three—and I hope you will be good enough to marry us."

Mr. Dunbar was very much in earnest, but he smiled a little. "Our marriage is sudden," he added, "because I must sail for Europe to-morrow, and I want to take my wife with me."

The parson looked at him, then at the girl. Her eyes met his steadily, though a faint flush stole into her cheeks.

"Where is your home?" he asked.

"I have none," she answered. "I have neither father nor mother. I have been living in Philadelphia with my guardian." The words were spoken softly, but her eyes flashed. "I am free to do as I please," she went on. "My guardian has no right to dictate any longer."

"Hum!" said Dr. Melton, passing his hand over his beard. "And you are from Philadelphia, too?" he added, turning to Mr. Dunbar.

"I am," was the curt response.

"Your name sounds familiar," said the parson. "Could I have seen it the other day in a list of passengers for Europe?"

"He scanned the faces before him. The man's jaws clicked; the girl's flush deepened into crimson.

"We are free to marry," said Mr. Dunbar. 'There is no reason why we should not be man and wife. If you won't perform the ceremony, I shall find one who is willing. We have with us my uncle and aunt; but there is no use in wasting words. Will you marry us?"

"Yes," said the parson. Then he asked a few formal questions, and married them according to the ritual of the Dutch church. He begged them to be seated a minute while he filled out the certificate. This made it necessary for him to return to the study.

"A runaway country couple?" said Mr. Leigh.

"I can't swear to the country part," the parson answered, as he drew a certificate hut of his desk.

"I wonder you are willing to perform the ceremony," Mr. Leigh remarked. "I should think it was a great risk to marry runaway couples."

"The risk is greater without it," said the parson. "If I don't tie the knot, somebody will, and it is generally a satisfaction to one to know that the knot is tied. In this case, however, I am quite sure I am doing right."

He went back to the parlor with the certificate, taking pen and ink, so that the witnesses might sign their names. Mr. Dunbar shook him by the hand, leaving a note in his palm. The bride smiled shyly upon him, and the elderly woman bowed; but the elderly man, who so far had not spoken a word, said, suddenly, "I will tell you sir, that you will never regret having helped this marriage."

"I don't believe I could have helped it," said the parson with a droll glance at the new-made husband. "I might have been the means of deterring it, but Mr. Dunbar intends to take his wife to Europe in spite of a dozen tyrannical guardians and a dozen or more reluctant clergymen. God bless you and make you happy!" he added, taking the young wife's hand.

Her eyes filled with tears, but her husband drew her hand through his arm and led her away.

Two carriages were waiting outside. One went to the north, the other to the south; but the parson watched the one that went to the south, for in that sat a man and woman whom we believed he had made happy for life, so far as wedded bliss brings happiness.

He returned to the study and gave the wedding fee to his daughter, who bore it off in triumph to her mother.

"Does this sort of thing happen often?" said Mr. Leigh.

"Not precisely this sort of thing. The bride and groom were not girl and boy; neither did they belong to what you would call the common class. By the way, it was a Philadelphia party—a William Dunbar—"

Mr. Leigh started from his chair. "Dunbar!" he repeated. "And the girl?"

"Kate Perry—Katherine, rather."

Mr. Leigh stared at him vacantly. "My ward!" he cried, in sudden anger. "And after all I told you! Why didn't you call me in there?"

"How was I to know that?" said Dr. Melton. "You never mentioned the name of your ward or her lover. You simply called him the hardware man."

Mr. Leigh walked out of the library, took his hat and stick, struggled into his overcoat, and left the house without vouchsafing another word to his host. The parson showed him out, and looked at him walking swiftly down the moonlit street. When he went to his study again he had by no means the craven air of a man who has done a dastardly deed. On the contrary he laghed outright as he sat down at his desk, whereon lay the notes of his sermon.

The Amuser.

The professional amuser has become an institution of New York society. At dinners, club banquets and parties they are in continual demand, and a popular artist in this line is perpetually on the go. The stupid half hour after the coffee is served, which usually falls on a party of diners, and which was formerly filled with tedious or tiresome speeches, is now admirably utilized by the professional amuser. He goes in as one of the guests, dines, is professionally jolly for an hour after dinner, pockets a fee of $50 and disappears.

We might as well have no opportunity as not to use the one that we have.

A Woman's Faith.

'You shall not mary him, Amy; he is an idle, worthless scamp, and it is not for love of you, but of your fortune, that he desires the union.'

'You shall not say that. I will not listen to you. He loves me; of that I am convinced. I have not been an heiress so long that I do not know when a man loves and is in earnest. He has faults, many of them, but they are only those of his own making, and with my help he will conquer them, I am sure. And, uncle, oh! uncle, I love him.'

Mr. Allen looked sadly at his niece, as carried away by her words she left her place and came and stood before him. He thought of what her life would be wedded to a spendthrift, and resolved he would do all in his power to prevent it.

'Uncle Harry, trust me; trust him. Let me be married with your consent.'

'Of what good will it be for me to refuse you, Amy? To-morrow you are 19 and according to your father's will you are your own mistress. You can choose your own husband, and I am your guardian no longer. I have tried to do my best for you. I have guarded your property as my own, and to see it spent, as it surely will be, and you left forsaken, are almost more than I can bear.'

'But you are more to me than just a guardian; you are my uncle and second father. Can you think I was bound to you by nothing but legal ties? You wrong me, uncle; I come to you not as to my guardian, but as to a friend who I trust will advise me as you would an own child.'

'Amy, how can I speak if truly it will grieve you? But I will talk to you as to a daughter. You know as well as I that Robert Clark has spent the small fortune left him by his father in extravagance and lived a life of idleness. His father gave him a splendid educationt with energy he would be one of the leading lawyers of the day. But wha; is he? His office is a lounging place for young men as idle as himself, and he thinks by marrying an heiress that her purse will supply him with fast horses, kid gloves, wines with which to treat his boon companions, and, in fact, that she shall support him entirely!'

'You are not just to him, uncle.'

'But, my dear niece, I am right.'

'I know he is extravagant. From his birth every whim has been indulged. He was an only child, and both father and mother thought nothing too good for him. They were truly more to blame than he. Without any stimulus to exertion, he has been content to float down the tide of time, content with himself and all the world.

'But now he promises me to exert himself and to plunge into busines with ardor and I know that he will do so. My refusal to become his wife will only be his ruin, while my consent will be the making of him. My love will make him true to himself. I can bear sorrow, poverty or anything with him.'

And so Amy Mayton won her uncle's unwilling consent to her marriage.

All her friends wondered at it, and smiled knowingly at each other when they spoke, and said how blind she must be not to see what he was after. But Amy was content in her love and trusted Robert fully.

A year had gone by before she began to doubt. He was loving and kind as ever, but she knew that everything, the keeping of her home and servants, horses and all the luxuries came from her purse, and not a client had he from the time they were married.

As she looked from the window this evening and saw him approaching, she wondered sadly if it was her fortune after all, for which he had maaried her, but a glimpse of her had made him raise a smiling face, and putting the thought from her she went to meet him.

'Come, Amy, for a walk. It is lovely down the river, and I have much to say to you.'

She was soon ready, and they walked slowly on. Reaching the river, they sat down under the shade of a large oak, and fell to talking idly.

Soon he said, 'Amy, there is no one that trusts me but you; I cannot command one client. They think I married you for money, and say I can live upon it and leave the profession open to those who depend upon it.'

I wish, Robert, that you would give it up entirely.'

"No, Amy; I am idle enough, God knows. You must influence me, as you have done, for good. You have been my stay, darling, and will be ever. How could you see anything in me to love?'

'If I had not should I be your wife now? Who first taught me to seek out the poor and help them, but you? Who pointed out to me the way of secret help, so that proud poverty might not feel the weight of obligation? Who told me of widows and struggling orphans who, if they knew, would rise up and call you blessed? Oh, my husband! It is you who have taught me, not I you! How many poor boys have been sent to college so they may fit themselves for some noble aim. You have learnt me not to waste my wealth, but to spend it for good.'

'Amy, you trusted me when no one would; your love has been so true that you have had perfect faith in me, and because of that some time I will show you and others that I am a man.'

Another year came, and Amy's fortune was swept away in an unlucky speculation. Her uncle came and told her of it and that his was gone too, and that he was now a homeless old man with no one to depend upon.

Poor Amy was completely overcome; she asked herself what she should do now. What would Robert say? Ah, that was the sting.

The afternoon passed and Robert did not come; she thought he had left her to bear her cross alone, and when evening came she was beginning to grow desperate. At last she heard his step, and then he entered the room and came quickly to her side.

'My darling Amy!' he said.

'Oh, Robert! have you heard?' she said, sobbing bitterly.

'Yes, Amy, I have, and I can truly say I am glad. Now no one can throw it in my face about your money. I am sorry for you, my darling, but oh, so glad for myself. But now cheer up Amy, for I have good news for you. An old friend of my father has just arrived from the West and has had trouble with some one, which has occasioned a lawsuit, and he has placed the case in my hands, saying, if successful, I shall have all his business affairs to manage, and I am sure I shall succeed."

His words proved true. He not only won his case, but numerous friends, who, seeing with what energy the young man worked, came forward with their help, too, so that in a short time Robert Clark was on the road to wealth.

Amy's uncle lives with them, and often takes her children on his knee, and tells them what their mother's faith accomplished.

Planchette.

Many think that there is some hidden secret in the construction of Planchette. This, however, is a mistake, as all that is necessary is that the parts should be nicely joined, and that it should stand firmly and move readily on its legs. Any one with ordinary mechanical skill can put one together. A heart-shaped cedar board, with two nicely turned metal legs, carrying well lubricated castors, the point of the board having an aperture of suitable size for the insertion of a lead pencil, which serves as the third leg and rests on the paper.

It is not to be supposed that planchette will yield at once to the influence, for it is very willful, and often, when it does begin to move, simply speeds across the paper, scribbling incoherences. One of the most extraordinary traits of the planchette, however, is the way in which it will persist in writing repeatedly a meaningless reply, until suddenly the humor will seize it, and it will write a coherent word or sentence.

Planchette first made its appearance in 1867, and was by no means slow in attracting almost universal attention. The pranks that it was made to play were so many and curious, and its ways so mysterious, that not only did it become the nightmare of the superstitious, but it afforded amusement in many a household. It became also the subject of investigation by some scientists. Marvelous tales were told by the credulous about it, and planchette often told curious tales about itself. Even such distinguished scientists as Professor Tyndall and Professor Faraday were drawn into controversies concerning it.

Many believed that humbug was stamped over every movement of planchette, and that one or the other of those whose hands bore upon it always conspired with the little board in the formulation of its replies; but when it became evident that planchette would write coherent answers while under the influence of those who were in ignorance of the replies that were expected, it became necessary to explain the phenomenon on some other basis. Whether this has ever been satisfactorily answered is in the minds of some, still a question. Certain it is that planchette has performed some curious feats, and has made for itself a position in the world of mysteries.

Probably the most generally accepted explanation is that advanced by Lewes, and others, that although there is no intentional movement of the hands of those who are subjecting planchette to the influence, still there is, in spite of this, an unconscious pressure of the finger tips upon the board, which directs the movement of the pencil. Nor does it seem that such can be at all unlikely, for unconscious movement is by no means an unusual phase of existence. The somnambulist who nightly takes a promenade from cellar to garret, or whose steps by chance have led him to the border of a precipice, has as little knowledge of the danger he has escaped when the morning beams have awaked him as planchette is conscious of its movements. How often also in mercantile pursuits do those who are accustomed to a certain routine, perform it unconsciously, and after the work has been finished would be unable to tell you of many details of the work which custom has taught them to perform correctly, even while in a state of abstraction.

Much has been said at times of planchette's prophetic nature. Under the influence of certain people of a highly nervous temperament, or having to a certain extent the qualities of mediums, future events are said to be foretold. Secrets of which the person touching planchette is in ignorance have been divulged in a remarkable way, and many anecdotes draping planchette in mystery are repeated and believed. Were the testimony, however, more universal; were planchette more consistent, and were it more generally truthful and less given to uttering remarkable sayings only occasionally, there would be more reason for according it a place for thorough and systematic investigation. Perhaps the day will come when mesmerism is understood and mind reading is more satisfactorily explained, that there will be occasion for looking upon planchette more seriously, and of regarding it as a wonderful means of displaying a rational nervous action independent of conscious mental cerebration.

The First Diamond Field.

Eighteen years ago the first diamond was found by Europeans in what are now known as the South African diamond fields. It was the favorite toy of a little Boer girl, which she had picked out from among the roots of an old tree. Since that time the diamond trade of the world has been revolutionized, the all-round price per carat has fallen from $15 to $3,75, while the annual production has increased from about $250,000 annually from Brazil to $20,000,000 worth from South Africa. A letter just at hand, from Kimberly, South Africa, shows that no less than $5,000,000 is annually paid out in that town alone in wages for diamond digging. And from this mining oasis in the agricultural desert has been sent in the last 15 years something like $200,000,000 worth of diamonds in the rough, which, with the cost of cutting, setting and selling, must have taken from the pockets of consumers a sum not far short of $500,000,000.

Hypocrisy is a hard game to play at, for it is one deceiver against many observers.

Monkey Mischief.

A monkey's chief delight is in mischief, and it does seem as if a spice of cruelty in the mischief makes it have a greater relish for Jocko. Captivity makes most animals lose their spirits, but the monkey, unless he is sick, is always ready to play some prank.

Nothing seems to give a monkey quite as much pleasure as copying after his human master, and many are the funny stories told in consequence. Sometimes poor Jocko's fun turns out badly for himself, but as a rule he may be trusted to come off free from harm.

The monkey that stole his master's razor and tried to shave himself was unlucky enough to slice off a piece of his cheek. That was bad, certainly; but it is doubtful if he suffered any more than the monkey that saw his master bathe his forehead with cologne and tried to imitate him. Instead of cologne, however, the poor fellow got hoid of a bottle of ammonia and slopped that on his head. Ah! how he did chatter and dance about when the stinging stuff reached his eyes and nose! You may be sure that monkey never touched a bottle again.

Jocko has such a serious air when he is planning his mischief that unless one is always on the lookout he will accomplish it. A story is told of a monkey that took the greatest delight in watching the nurse wash his master's baby. The family was divided as to whether he enjoyed Miss Mabel's shrieks or the performance as a whole. One day the question was settled.

The family was at dinner down stairs when there came a terrible wail from Kittie, and another and another, till one of the boys jumped up and ran to the nursery, where the noise came from. There was Master Jocko copying, as well as he could, the actions of nurse with little Mabel. Only Jocko's baby was poor Kittie, who was wailing, spitting and scratching with all her might. No doubt Jocko looked upon the resistance as quite in order, for Mabel never could be washed without many protests.

Those people were fortunate in that the monkey did not insist upon trying his experiments with the real baby instead of the kitten, as once did happen.

In this case the monkey, which was a large one, snatched the baby from its cradle, and, when pursued, climbed to the house-top, and there, to the anguish of the baby's parents, dandled and played with the little thing with great glee. It was only after great trouble that the baby was rescued.

We are used to seeing monkeys kept only as pets or as curiosities; but in Africa and Asia they are trained to serve their masters in many ways. They are so given to mischief, however, that they can never be very trusty servants.

An example of this is shown in the story told of a baboon which had been left in charge of the kitchen while his master went off for a while. On the stove was a pot in which a chicken was being boiled. The baboon sat very quietly for some time, but at last his curiosity got the better of him and he lifted the lid from the pot.

Well, you can guess the rest. The chicken smelled good, so he smelled again; then he took a little taste; then he took another taste; and behold when Sir Baboon had finished tasting there were only some bones left.

When he had eaten the chicken up, it seemed to occur to the baboon that his master might be angry when he looked inio the empty pot. What to do to avoid the certain punishment that was in store for him was the greedy fellow's great concern now.

He sat in the doorway looking very much cast down, when suddenly a bright idea seemed to strike him, and he hurried quickly but stealthily to a field, not far away, where a number of crows were feeding. He drew as near to the birds as he could without frightening them, and then hiding his head remained as motionless as a log of wood. In a little while the incautious crows approached so close to him that he was able by a quick movement to capture one of them.

In a second he had wrung the crow's neck and was on his way home again. Once there and seeing no signs of his master, he triumphantly tossed his crow, all unplucked, into the pot, and then sat down, quite satisfied that his theft would never be discovered. No doubt it was always a mystery to that baboon how his master discovered that the crow in the pot was not the chicken he had left there.

A Mahogany Log.

"A larger quantity of mahogany is being received here this year than any other variety of foreign wood," said a well-known importer in New York. "It is becoming fashionable to use mahogany in almost every kind of fancy and ornamental wood-work, and in the manufacture of furniture and other articles of ordinary use it has taken to a great extent the place of black walnut. This fall, especially, the partial failure of the sugar crop has stimulated the shipment of mahogany from Cuba and Mexico, from which place the wood in this country principally comes. Very little comes from South America."

"What does it bring in the market here?"

"It is one of the most uncertain commodities that we import in respect to price, and cargoes vary in value from eight to twenty-five cents a foot, these being the ordinary limits. Sometimes, however, a single log will bring a hundred times as much as this. In its rough state a log can only be judged by its exterior and some idea can be formed of the quality of the wood and the pattern of the grain in this way. Its commercial value depends principally upon its pattern. Experts frequently experience great difficulties in judging of the value of a log, and the buyer often strikes a big bonanza in this way most unexpectedly. Last week a log was sold on shipboard to a man for $50. We gave him $80 for it a quarter of an hour afterward, and have since cut $3,000 worth of strips from this single log. The beauty of the pattern was not discovered till we began to cut it. It is not very often, however, that so valuable a prize is drawn.

Ignorance is the dominion of absurdity.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., JUNE 10, 1885.

EARTHQUAKE IN CASHMERE.

The City of Serinagur Destroyed and Many Lives Lost.

London, June 2.—Dispatches from Bombay state that news has just reached there of a disastrous earthquake in Cashmere. The seismic shocks began on Sunday and have continued at intervals of ten minutes ever since. The shocks were very severe in Serinagur, the capital of Cashmere. The barracks in which several hundred soldiers were quartered, was completely destroyed, collapsing so suddenly that nearly half the men were imprisoned in debris. Fifty are known to have been killed, while fully 100 were more or less injured. A portion of the city has been demolished, while very few of the remaining buildings escaped injury, many having large rents made in them. The people became panic stricken shortly after the disturbance began, and fled from the city, taking refuge in boats and tents in the open fields.

One part of the city has been entirely demolished and many hundreds of people are supposed to be buried in the ruins. The palace is almost deserted, the citizens having become panic stricken and fled. At last accounts the seismic disturbances continued unabated, and the complete destruction of the city of Serinagur was imminent.

Serinagur is near the centre of the Vale of Cashmere, and the whole territory experienced the terrible earthquake shocks. The damage caused throughout the Vale is enormous. The loss in cattle alone is very great. The shocks have not yet ceased, and this fact greatly retards the work of rescuing the people pinned down in the debris, and it is feared many of these must perish before they can be reached by relief parties.

FROM A SENSE OF DUTY.

Some people shrink from making public the good they have received, while others are free to tell it abroad for the good of fellow mortals. Of the latter kind is J. H. Coppuck, of Mount Holly, N. J., who writes, "I am one of the many who give their cheerful appreciation of the merits of the efficacy of your valuabe Brown's Iron Bitters, from a sense of duty. This bitters is doing much good in our county, for which I can vouch."

IN A FIERY PIT.

Three Hundred and Fifty Men Entombed.

Durham, England, June 3.—A fire broke out in the Philadelphia Colliery near here at noon to-day. Three hundred and fifty miners were imprisoned in the pit and at first it was feared that all must perish. After the most strenuous efforts all were rescued but twenty-two.

Later advices say that the colliery on fire is the property of the Earl of Durham, and is known as the Margaret.

The fire was caused by an explosion, which killed twenty-two men and boys outright. The explosion was followed by a rush of water in immense volume into the Sutton seam, but the miners in this seam were all taken out alive. Parties labored zealously to stay the flood of waters rushing into the Maudlin seam, where a great number of miners were imprisoned, and succeeded in rescuing them.

The excitement in the neigborhood of the burning colliery is intense, and the relatives of the imperilled miners crowd around the mouth of the pit weeping and wailing in a heartrending manner. Strenuous efforts are being made to reach the miners in the pit, but it is believed they have all perished.

AN END TO BONE SCRAPING.

Edward Shepherd, of Ill., says, "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used instead three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25 cents a box, by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte.

Reports reach us that in the southern and eastern counties of this state, including Lebanon, Lancaster and Bucks, the wheat fields are partially denuded, the bare portions contesting the ground with that covered with wheat sprouts. In many places more than half, the space is as free from sprouts as if no seed had ever been planted last fall. Other crops give promise of an abundant increase. The fruit trees particularly attracted attention, showing signs of vigor and thrift.

"I have advised my daughter to try it, and she is going to do so." He further says: "I called on you about six weeks ago sick with bilious disease. You gave me a bottle of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and it set me all right. I want more of it." Thus writes a man who lives in Lubec, Me., to the proprietor. We are sure of hearing favorably from the lady, for this preparation is exactly suited to the troubles from which women so often suffer. Also for children. june

We have received from Geo. W. Boyd, Esq., the ass't gen'l passenger agent of the Penn'a R. R. Co., an advance copy of the company's summer excursion routes, mountain, lake and seaside, for the present season. It is very full and complete, and is a fine work. Those desiring to go upon excursions can no doubt procure copies of this work at the ticket offices of the company.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

The most important discovery is that which brings the most good to the greatest number. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, will preserve the health and save life, and is a priceless boon to the afflicted. Not only does it positively cure consumption, but coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma, hoarseness, and all affections of the throat, chest and lungs, yield at once to its wonderful curative powers. If you doubt this get a trial bottle free at J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte.

Have used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for croup and colds, and declare it a positive cure. Contributed by Wm. Key, 570 Plymouth Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

FRENCHMEN AND CATS.

Among French Ministers Cardinal Richelieu and Colbert always had kittens playing around their cabinets; Richelieu sent the kittens away when they were more than three months old and had ceased to be amusing. Louis XIII. distinguished himself as a boy begging for the lives of cats, whom it was a custom—brutal enough—to throw into the bonfires on St. John's Day. More interesting is the tenderness toward cats of distinguished soldiers like Gen. Houdaille. As a Colonel he was suddenly ordered to lead his regiment across France from Toulouse to Metz; he was obliged to leave his cats behind, and he used his first leisure to retrace his steps to Toulouse for the purpose of fetching them back. Chateaubriand's love for cats is well known; for him they were not merely an amusement but a study. They were the companions of the many vicissitudes of his life; as an exile, as an ambassador, as the arbiter, for a while, of French literature, he was devoted to cats. For Chateaubriasnd, Buffon was to natural history, or at least to this department of it, what the encyclopedists were to theology, and the Jacobins to politics—a misleader. The cat Micetto, which was presented to Chateaubriand's Memoirs abound in referances to the animal, whose independent bearing—"the indifference with which it passes from the *salon* to the housetop"—reflected a quality which Chateaubrianed could appreciate. Not that French cats are to be identified too closely with the Church or the Restoration. In a painting by the Republican Prudhon, representing the Constitution, a cat sits at the feet of Liberty. Victor Hugo's favorite cat indolence," is, or was, a living expression of feeling toward the church, with which we cannot exprect our clerical readers entirely to sympathize. Sainte Beuve's cat was allowed to walk over his table, amid an accumulation of notes and papers, which no servant would venture to disturb. M. Prosper Merimee's enthusiasm for cats was grounded on their "wellbred" manners, and in the afternoon of the great restorer of French cathedrals, when combined advanced Republican and Voltairian opinions with his love of mediæval architecturs—M. Viollet le Duc—there was a mosaic of cats, which could hardly have been, professionally speaking, useful to him.

RANDOLPH'S STOR MY DEATH.

The last days of John Randolph of Roanoke, are full of pathos. He thought he was dying for years before he did so, and when asked how he was he would reply: "Dying! dying! dying!" His death occurred in a Philadelphia hotel. A few minutes before he died the doctor wanted to leave him, but Randolph objected, and his slave took the key, locked the door and put the key in his pocket. With his last words Randolph declared that he wanted his slaves freed, and kept the doctor there as a witness to his dying declaration. A skeptic through life, he appreciated his condition when on his death-bed, and among his last words was "remorse." He was lying perfectly quiet, with his eyes closed, when he suddenly roused up and screamed out in an agitated voice, "Remorse! remorse! remorse!" He then cried out, "Let me see the word! Get a dictionary; Let me see the word!" There was no dictionary at hand, and he was told so. He exclaimed, "Write it, then! Let me see the word!" The doctor picked up one of his cards labeled "Randolph, of Roanoke."

"Shall I write it on this?"

"Yes; nothing more proper," was Randolph's reply. The word remorse was written on it in pencil and handed to him. He looked at it a moment with great intensity. "Write it on the back," he exclaimed. It was done and handed him again. He looked at it with his blazing eyes. "Remorse!" he said. "you can have no idea of it whatever; it has brought me to my present situation—but I have looked to Jesus Christ, and I hope to obtain pardon." He then asked the doctor to draw a line under the word, and told him to keep the card.

A short time after this his keen eyes began to dull, his powerful mind gave way, and within two hours he died.

AN EXPLANATION.

The origin of the word "stick" in the sense of to *cheat*, dates back a hundred years, and is probably much older. "I'm stuck," is a common phrase to express that the speaker has spent or lost all his money, and can neither play or pay any longer. In theatrical parlance to *stick* is to forget ones one's part in a preformance. "Stick on," is overcharge or defraud. "Stick up for," is to defend a person, especially when slandered, in his absence. To "stick to a person," is to adhere to one—to be his friend though adverse circumstances. The word is very common among vulgar people, in the applications above alluded to, and, indeed, is often used among the higher and more refined classes.

At one of the customary school examinations an urchin was asked, "What is the chief use of bread?" To which he replied, "To spread butter upon."

Embroideries and white goods—Garmans.

THE PAMPAS.

The peculiar characteristics of these vast level plains which descend from the Andes to the great river basin in unbroken monotony are the absence of rivers or water storage, and the periodical occcurrence of droughts, or "siccos," in the Summer months. These conditions determine the singular character both of its flora and sauna. The soil is naturally fertile and favorable for the growth of trees, and they grow luxuriantly wherever they are protected. The Encalyptus is covering large tracts wherever it is inclosed, and willows, poplars, and the fig surround every estancia when fenced in. The open plains are covered with droves of horses and cattle, and overrun by numberless wild rodents, the original tenants of the Pampas. During the long period of drought which are so great a scourge to the country, these animals are starved by thousands, destroying in their efforts to live every vestige of vegetation. In one of these siccos, at the time of my visit, no less than 50,000 head of oxen and sheep and horses perished from starvation and thirst, after tearing deep out of the soil every trace of vegetation, including the wire ropts of the Pampas grass. Under such circumstances the existence or an unprotected tree is impossible. The only plants that hold their own, in addition to the indestructible thistles, grasses, and clover, are a little herbaceous oxalis, producing viviparous buds of extraordinary vitality, a few poisonous species, such as the hemlock, and a few tough, thorny, dwarf acacias and wiry rushes, which even a starving rat refuses. Although the cattle are a modern introduction, the numberless indigenous rodents must always have effectually prevented the introduction of any other species of plants, large tracts are still honeycombed by the ubiquitous biscacho, a gigantic rabbit, and numerous other rodents still exist, including rats and mice, Pampas hares and the great nutria and carpincho on the river banks. That the dearth of plants is not due to the unsuitability of the subtropical species of the neighboring zones cannot hold good with respect to the fertile valleys of the Andes beyond Mendoza, where a magnificenct hardy flora is found. Moreover, the extensive introduction of European plants which has taken place throughout the country has added nothing to the botany of the Pampas beyond a few specious that are unassailable by cattle, such as the two species of thistle which are invading large districts in spite of their constant destruction by the fires which alway accompany the siccos.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S FEET.

Washington's boots were enormous, says a writer in *The Chicago Tribune*. They were No. 12. His ordinary walking shoes were No. 11. His hands were large in proportion, and he could not buy a glove to fit him, and had to have his gloves made to order. His mouth was his strong feature, the lips being always tightly compressed. He weighed 200 pounds, and there was no surplus flesh about him. He was tremendously muscled, and the fame of his great strength was everywhere. His huge tent when wrapped up with the poles was so heavy that it required two men to place it in the camp wagon. Washington could lift it with one hand and throw it into the wagon as easily as if it were a pair saddlebags. He could hold a musket with one hand and shoot with precision as easily as other men did with a horse pistol. His lungs were his weak point, and his voice was never strong. He was at this time in the prime of life. His hair was a chestnut brown, his cheeks were prominent, and his head was not large in contrast to every other part of his body, which seemed large and bony at all points. His finger joints and wrists were so large as to be genuine curiosities. As to his habits at that period I found out much that might be interesting. He was an enormous eater, but was content with bread and meat if he had plenty of it. But hunger seem to put him in a rage. It was his custom to take a drink of rum or whisky on awakening in the morning.

Of course, all this was changed when he grew old. I saw him at Alexandria a year before he died. His hair was very gray and his form was slightly bent. His chest was very thin. He had false teeth which did not fit and pushed his under lip outward. I believe he drank much more in his old age. He was a great lover of fine wines and horses.

A RUSSIAN SENTENCE.

The lack of liberty of any kind in Russia is illustrated by a court sentence which was pronounced at Odessa not long agd. A native of that place became converted to a creed somewhat resembling Methodism and took to preaching. He was accused of having denounced image worship as practised in the Russian Church, was arrested and tried under the old law of blasphemy. Notwithstanding that he had the most incontestable proof that he did not use the words imputed to him, he was convicted by a jury and sentenced to imprisonment for three years and nine months.

White mull for trimming hats—Garmans. 20

AFTER DINNER.

Persons who suffer from Indigestion can arrest the progress of that painful malady by the use of an **after-dinner pill**, so composed that it will give tone to the stomach, prevent heartburn, rouse the liver to healthful action, invigorate the kidneys, and thus, through the activity of these organs, promote the natural movement of the stomach and bowels. AYER'S PILLS are so compounded that their action, though mild, effectually produces the above results. They also, in curing Constipation, remove the cause of Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Rheumatism, and many other serious ailments.

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contain no mineral nor poisonous substance, and do not gripe unless the bowels are irritated, and even then their influence is healing. To continue their effect in constipated or chronic cases, they need only be taken in diminishing instead of increasing doses. For seamen, and inhabitants or travelers in sparsely settled countries where physicians are not at hand, they are of inestimable value. There is hardly a sickness they will not alleviate, and in most cases cure, if taken promptly. To young girls just entering upon womanhood, and to women whose period of maternity is drawing to a close, Ayer's Pills, in moderate doses, merely sufficient to ensure regular action of the bowels, will be found of

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We refer to the editor of this paper. 6ow

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PEN PARALYSIS.

Many stenographers and persons who make their living by constant use of the pen or pencil, are afflicted with pen paralysis; and, although, as a general thing, this trouble can be cured by a few months' rest, some of those writers afflicted with it never recover. Nobody knows the strain of incessant penmanship upon the muscles and nerves of the hand and wrist better, or indeed as well, as those who pass through a daily experience of that nature.

Telegraph operators are likewise afflicted with paralysis of the same muscles. A reporter had a conversation recently with a first-class operator, and he asked this question:

"I understand that first-class telegraphers are the only ones who get telegraphers' paralysis; why don't the second and third-rate operators get it?"

"Because," replied the Morse man, "a good operator is paid a good salary, and is consequently kept constantly working at the board, while a second or third-rate man has many resting spells, which allow him to stretch his arms, and thus escape paralysis. Many men who have been working for the company for years, and were getting good wages, have been compelled to give up their lucrative employment by telegraphers' paralysis. You notice it first in the muscles of your arm, which becomes numb after a hard day's work, and within six months after the first shock the stoutest operator will succumb. This paralysis, however, does not destroy the use of your arms and fingers entirely, but while you are able to lift and handle objects of any considerable size, you will not be able to button your coat or suspenders."

"Don't that account for some of the mistakes made in telegraphing?"

"Yes indeed. Many mistakes in telegraphing, charged at first to defects in the machinery, have been traced to paralysis in the operator, because it soon becomes evident that the operator has lost his sense of touch. You see, the slightest pressure of the key over what is required will produce another letter than the one intended by the operator, and it soon comes about that what the unfortunate operator at first attributes to overwork finally comes to be an evident loss of sensitiveness of touch. This usually occurs from six to eight years after an operator has been working steadily as a first-class man."

THE COFFEE TREE.

Now that beautiful leaved plants are so justly popular, and in such constant request for drawing-room decoration, it is surprising that the coffee tree of commerce [Coffea Arabica], is not made use. We see it now and then in nurserymen's greenhouses, but seldom anywhere else, and yet there are few evergreen shrubs more ornamental, and very few that are better adapted for the adornment of the sitting-room. An average temperature of 70 degrees in summer, and 60 degrees in winter, will be found quite sufficient, and if the plant is put in a warm corner in the room over the kitchen fire on frosty nights no harm will come to it. The best soil for planting is a moisture of peat of loam. The drainage must be thorough, the supply of water abundant, and the roots must have plenty of room. The coffee tree in a young state is well worth growing for the sake of its bright green, glossy leaves, fragrant jessamine-like white blossoms and berries changing from green to red. It is said that Magalledin, a learned Mufti of Aden, became acquainted with it during one of his African journeys. He took back some berries with him to Yemen and recommended the beverage to his friends as an excellent method of keeping awake at prayers. Its use gradually spread to the Nile, Syria, Asia Minor and Turkey. Coffee was first sold in Constantinople in 1654. It was introduced into Europe by the Dutch in 1610, but did not reach this country till 1640. Arab coffee is chiefly grown in Yemen, where it was first planted in the neighborhood of Aden and Mocha. The plantations are usually made half way up the hills. The berries are not gathered, but cloths are spread under the trees for the fruit to fall on when ripe. The coffee is mostly consumed in the country, the home demand being so great. There is not much exported, and that not the best. A good deal of what goes in the trade by the name of Mocha coffee comes from Brazil and the West Indies.

MISS PARLIO AND THE DOUGH.

Miss Parloa, a well-known teacher of cooking, is accustomed to take with her to distant classes some unraised dough in a strong leather satchel. One day she was going to attend a class at Rochester, and as usual packed some dough in her bag, expecting to develop it into bread when she got to her pupils. But the car was very warm, and the yeast started. The bread began to rise and swell. There was no stopping it when it had once started. It grew and grew, and finally burst the clasp off. She tried to cover it with newspaper, but the stuff still grew. The lady thought of making up the surplus into biscuits, but when the other passengers observed her motions she found herself in danger of being set down as a dynamiter, and dropped the whole bundle out of the car window. Then all was peace again.

Latest style in men's hats and neckwear—Garmans.

THE HAMMER.

The hammer is the universal emblem of mechanics. With it are alike forged the sword of contention, and the ploughshire of peaceful agriculture, the press of the free, and the shackle of the slave. The eloquence of the forum has moved the armies of Greece and Rome to a thousand battle-fields, but the eloquence of the hammer has covered those fields with victory or defeat. The inspiration of song has kindled up high hopes and noble aspirations in the bosoms of brave knights and gentle dames, but the inspiration of the hammer has strewn the field with tattered helm and shield, decided not only the fate of chivalric combat, but the fate of thrones, crowns, and kingdoms. The forging of thunderbolts was ascribed by the Greeks as the highest act of Jove's omnipotence, and their mithology beautifully ascribes to one of their gods the task of presiding at the labor of the forge.

In ancient warfare, the hammer was a powerful weapon, independent of the blade which it formed. Many a stout skull was broken through the cap and helm by a blow of Vulcan's weapon. The armies of the Crescent would have subdued Europe to the sway of Mahammed, but on the plains of France their progress was arrested, and the brave and simple warrior who saved Christendom from the sway of the Mussulman was named Martel—"the hammer." How simple, how appropriate, how grand—"the hammer." The hammer is the saviour and bulwark of Christendom. The hammer is the wealth of nations. By it are forged the ponderous engine and the tiny needle. It is an instrument of the savage and the civilized. Its merry clink points out the abode of industry—it is a domestic deity presiding over the grandure of the most wealthy and ambitious, as well as the humble and impoverished. Not a stick is shaped, not a house is raised, a ship floats, or carriage rolls, a wheel spins, an engine moves, a press speaks, a viol sings, a spade delves, or flag waves, without the hammer. Without the hammer civilization would be unknown, and the human species only as defenceless brutes, but in skilful hands, directed by wisdom, it is an instrument of power, of greatness, and true glory.

THE SQUIRREL AND HER BABIES.

Old citizens of Toledo distinctly remember the time when there was an emigration of squirrels in this vicinity. On a certain day a gentleman was on the bank of the Ten-Mile Creek when the number of squirrels moving was unusually large. Among the squirrels was one that exhibited such motherly care and affection for her two little ones as to prove a most interesting sight. She reached the bank of the creek where a crossing was to be made. The little squirrels were quite timid about going to near to the water, but the mother coaxed them until they seemed to be satisfied to do as she wished. She ran along the shore, and finding a piece of bark about a foot long and six inches wide, dragged it to the water's edge and pushed it into the water so that only a small part of one end of the bark was resting on the shore. She then induced her little ones to get on the bark, and they at once cuddled closely together, when the old squirrel pushed the bark and its load into the stream, and, taking one end of the bark in her teeth, pushed it ahead of her until the opposite bank was reached, where the young squirrels quickly scampered up the bank of the creek, where the mother rested for a few minutes, when the journey was resumed.

SUICIDE A LA MODE.

Of all Chinese customs, the most remarkable has been the public, fashionable suicides, conducted in public with every show of pomp and sometimes actually under the general directions of a mandarin. A gay procession would be formed and a delighted throng would follow the prospective victim to a scaffold, which had been erected with great care. The seats commanding the best view of the sacrifice would be sold and there would be a grand turn-out of the suiciding party's friends, as well as the public at large. Perhaps it would be a young widow who had resolved to end her miserable existence on account of the death of her husband, a widow not being privileged to remarry in China. The occasion would be treated as a regular holiday by the natives. For a time the woman would chat pleasantly with her friends, partaking of a beautiful feast with them on the gallows. Then having caressed a little child that was placed upon the table before her and adorned it with a necklace, she would take a basket of flowers and scatter the blossoms gayly among the crowd, after which she would cheerfully place her head in the noose and swing off into eternity. As a rule, suicides nowadays are not performed with such publicity, but they are very common.

A cynical old bachelor, in a controversy with a witty lady, said: "At all events, madam, you must admit that woman was one step in advance of man in original sin." "Yes," she replied, "that is so; but the man soon exhibited his boasted 'superiority;' and having caught up with woman, he has never since labored under a similar disadvantage."

To Physicians.

We do not find fault, reproach or condemn the practice of any regular physician—this is not our mission—but we do claim that if he were to add PERUNA to his prescriptions, as directed in our book on the "Ills of Life," (and furnished gratuitously by all druggists), he would cure all his patients.

Mr. Henry C. Reynolds, Ironton, Lawrence County, Ohio, writes: "My wife has been sorely distressed for many years. Her disease or diseases and the symptoms of them have been so varied that an attempt to describe them would be more than I feel able to undertake. I have paid over a thousand (1,000) dollars for doctors and medicines for her, without any satisfactory results. We read so much about your PERUNA that I was forced to try it. She has now taken five bottles; they have done her more good than all the doctors and medicine that she has ever made use of. PERUNA is certainly a God-send to humanity."

Mrs. O. L. Gregory, Las Vegas, San Migvel County, New Mexico, writes: "I think PERUNA and MANALIN saved my life."

Mrs. Cora Engel, First House on Lazelle street, near Rich, Columbus, Ohio, says: "It affords me much pleasure to state to you the benefit I have received from your PERUNA. I had been troubled with kidney complaint and dizziness in my head for eighteen years. I tried different kinds of patent medicines, and consulted a number of physicians, but received no benefit whatever. About three weeks ago I commenced taking PERUNA. I began to get better before I had taken half a bottle. The dizziness has disappeared, and the other affection has so much improved that I am positive, after I will have taken another bottle, I will be entirely well. I feel like a different person already. A number of my friends have used it, and they think it is a wonderful remedy. My husband says it is one of the best medicines for a cough that he ever took."

A. W. Blackburn, Wooster, O., writes: "Several weeks ago a man came to me, all broken down, terribly nervous, stomach without any power to digest food. Had tried four doctors; none did him any good. Asked me to do something for him. I recommended MANALIN. He told me to-day that he has been taking it regularly, and is now almost well. Said he would sound the praises of MANALIN far and near."

STRAWS TELL

WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS!!!

And so it is with the great rush to the

BEE-HIVE ONE-PRICE STORE

The people are not all fools, otherwise we would not be selling the amount of goods that we do. There are lots of others stores. Is it simply because our stock is entirely new and fresh? No! but because everything

IS VERY MUCH CHEAPER

than elsewhere. Every freight and express train brings us something different. Therefore you will see something new every time you come.

We desire to call attention to our lines of

DRESS-GOODS AND SILKS.
SATINS, CHAMBRAYS,
SEERSUCKERS AND CAMBRICS.
WHITE GOODS.
LACES AND EMBROIDERIES.
UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS,
HOSIERY AND GLOVES.

FANS BY THE MILLION!
Enough to Make you Chilly.

We are sole agents for the following:

JAMESTOWN DRESS-GOODS,
DR. LECLAIR'S CORSET,
(best in the world.)
FEILLIARD'S BLACK AND COLORED SILKS, most of which are warranted to wear well and not crack.

IN GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS
we challenge comparison.
Our One Dollar Unlaundried Shirt, with Eighmie Bosom, retails elsewhere $1.25.

On a bill of $50 you can save $15 every time at the Bee Hive. And don't you forget it. Facts and figures never lie.

GOLDSMITH BROTHERS,
BEE-HIVE
ONE-PRICE STORES.

PYÆMIA

Is the most virulent form of blood-poisoning. Less speedily fatal, but not less certainly so, is the vitiation of the blood of which the first symptoms are **Pimples, Stles, Boils, and Cutaneous Eruptions.** When the taint of **Scrofula** gives warning of its presence by such indications, no time should be lost in using AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, the only perfect and reliable medicine for the purification of the blood.

SCROFULA

Is a foul corruption in the blood that rots out all the machinery of life. Nothing will eradicate it from the system and prevent its transmission to offspring but AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. This preparation is also the only one that will cleanse the blood of Mercurial poison and the taint of Contagious Diseases. Impoverished blood is productive of

ANÆMIA,

A wretched condition indicated by **Pallid Skin, Flaccid Muscles, Shattered Nerves, and Melancholy.** Its first symptoms are **Weakness, Languor, Loss of Nerve Force, and Mental Dejection.** Its course, unchecked, leads inevitably to insanity or death. Women frequently suffer from it. The only medicine that, while purifying the blood, enriches it with new vitality, and invigorates the whole system, is

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

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HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.
In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.
A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.
WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

MIFFLINBURG MUSIC SCHOOL.—The Summer Session of six weeks will open on MONDAY, JUNE 8, '85, at the music room of Kate L. Shriner, Mifflinburg, Pa. A systematic course will be given in all branches of Vocal and Instrumental Music. Private class instruction daily. A Normal class will be formed for those desirous of teaching. Instruction as to the best methods of teaching will be given free of charge.

TERMS OF TUITION.

Piano	$10	Guitar, private	$8
Organ	10	Guitar, Class	4
Vocal Culture	10	Harmony, priv'e	8
Violin, private	8	" Class	Free
Violin, Class	4	Notation, Sight Reading	Free

Sheet music and books at reduced rates. Boarding can be secured at reasonable figures.

KATE L. SHRINER,
27may3t Mifflinburg, Pa.

AMPUTATION OFTHE LEG.

Money is the universal necessity, an dnone but a cynic or a fool will affect to despise it. Mr. Abram Ellsworth, of Port Ewen, Ulster County, N. Y., had realized this truth. His disease involved the whole of his thigh-bone, and the suffering man looked forward, not without apparent reason, to death as his only deliverer. The family physician refused to amputate the limb, asserting that the operation would kill the patient on the spot. Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who was consulted, held a different opinion and amputated the limb. The Doctor then administered freely his great Blood Specific FAVORITE REMEDY to afford tone and strength to the system and prevent the return of the disease, and Mr. Ellsworth remains to this day in the bloom of health. This gentleman's disease was the offspring of foul blood, and Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY purified the blood and restored to him the power once more to enjoy his life. Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the same cause? Try Favorite Remedy. Your druggist has it. One Dollar a bottle. Bear in mind the proprietor's name and address: Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

To keep the blood pure is the principal end of inventions and discoveries in medicine. To this object probably no one has contributed more signally than Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., in the production of a medicine which has become famous under the title of the "Favorite Remedy." It removes all impurities of the blood, regulates the disordered Liver and Kidneys, cures constipation, dyspepsia, and all the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to females. june

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte, druggists. jan7y

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Benjamin Bitner, deceased, late of Potter twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN W. DASHEM,
F. M. BERKHOLDER,
6may6t Admr's, Centre Hall.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May 25, 1885.

		WESTWARD.				
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	11 20	p m		
"	"	Harrisburg	3 30	a m		
"	"	Montandon	5 45	a m		
"	"	Williamsport	7 25	a m		
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 57	a m		
"	"	Lock Haven	8 25	a m		
"	"	Renovo	9 35	a m		
"	arr at	Erie	6 00	p m		
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30	a m		
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10	a m		
"	"	Montandon	10 12	a m		
"	"	Williamspor	11 20	a m		
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 30	p m		
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia	7 40	a m		
"	"	Harrisburg	11 25	a m		
"	"	Montandon	1 30	a m		
"	arr at	Wil[illegible]port	2 35	p m		
"	"	Lock Haven	3 55	p m		
"	"	Renovo	5 05	p m		
"	"	Kane	9 25	p m		
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 05	p m		
EAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia	11 50	p m		
"	"	Harrisburg	3 50	p m		
"	"	Montandon	6 00	p m		
"	"	Williamsport	7 20	p m		
"	"	Lock Haven	8 15	p m		
"	arr at	Renovo	9 15	p m		
		(Sunday Train.				
SUNDAY MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30	a m		
"	"	Harrisburg	7 40	a m		
"	"	Montandon	9 37	a m		
"	"	Williamsport	10 40	a m		
"	"	Lock Haven	11 35	a m		
"	"	arrives Renovo	12 30	p m		
		EASTWARD.				
SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven	7 00	a m		
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 29	a m		
"	"	Williamsport	8 10	a m		
"	"	Montandon	9 16	a m		
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30	a m		
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15	p m		
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane	5 45	a m		
"	"	Renovo	9 50	a m		
"	"	Lock Haven	10 55	a m		
"	"	Williamsport	12 15	p m		
"	"	Montandon	1 17	p m		
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 25	p m		
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50	p m		
WMPT ACN	leaves	Renovo	3 40	p m		
"	"	Lock Haven	5 00	p m		
"	"	Williamsport	6 40	p m		
"	"	Montandon	7 50	p m		
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25	p m		
"	"	Philadelphia	4 25	a m		

Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE	MAIL	leaves Erie	2 20	p m		
"	"	" Renovo	10 40	p m		
"	"	" Lock Haven	11 45	p m		
"	"	" Williamsport	1 00	a m		
"	"	" Montandon	2 05	a m		
"	"	arr at Harrisburg	4 30	a m		
"	"	" Philadelphia	8 25	a m		

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with R. P. & W. R. R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.				Eastward.			
P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P.M	P M
1 35	10 20	8 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 50	
1 50	10 35	9 00	Lewisburg, arrive	8 55	12 55	5 35	
2 15	10 55	7 25	Lewisburg, leave	8 35	12 40	4 50	
2 20	10 40	7 30	Fair Grounds	8 30	12 35	4 45	
2 30	10 51	7 40	Beihl	8 20	12 24	4 34	
2 36	11 00	7 45	Vicksburg	8 15	12 16	4 28	
3 00	11 20	8 00	Millinburg	8 00	12 00	4 13	
3 28		8 22	Milmont	7 40		3 52	
3 40		8 33	Laurelton	7 30		3 42	
5 00		9 48	Coburn	6 18		2 20	
5 30		10 15	Rising Spring	5 50		1 50	
		10 29	Centre Hall			1 28	
		10 48	Gregg			1 19	
		11 00	Linden Hall			1 08	
		11 10	Oak Hall			1 00	
		11 20	Lemont			12 50	

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10 a m, and 7.30 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.05 p m and 7.50 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, J. R. WOOD,
General Manager. Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't

PENNSYLVANIA
STATE COLLEGE.
Next Term begins Jan., 7, 1885.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study:

1 A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
2 A Full Latin Scientific Course.
3 The following SPECIAL COURSES, of two years each following the first two years of the Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
4 A short SPECIAL COURSE IN AGRICULTURE.
5 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
6 A recognized course in Mechanical Arts combining shop-work with study.
7 A new Special Course (two years) in Literature and Science, for Young Ladies.
8 A carefully graded Preparatory Course.
9 SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of competent lady Principal. For Catalogues, or other information, address

GEO. W. ATHERTON, President,
1yjan9 State College, Centre Co., P

DOWNS' ELIXIR.

N. H. DOWNS'

Vegetable Balsamic

ELIXIR

For the cure of

Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Croup, Asthma, Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Influenza, Spitting Blood, Bronchitis, and all diseases of the *Throat, Chest,* and *Lungs.* In all cases where this Elixir is used its efficacy is at once manifested, convincing the most incredulous that

CONSUMPTION

is not incurable, if properly attended to.—At its commencement it is but a slight irritation of the membrane which covers the Lungs; then an inflamation, when the cough is rather dry, local fever, and the pulse more frequent, the cheeks flushed and chills more common. This Elixir in curing the above complaints, operates so as to remove all **morbid irritations and inflamation** from the lungs to the surface, and finally expel them from the system. It facilitates expectoration.

It heals the ulcerated surfaces

and relieves the cough and makes the breathing easy. It supports the strength and at the same time reduces the fever. It is free from strong opiate and astringent articles, which are often drying a nature as to be in great danger of destroying the patient; whereas this medicine never dries or stops the cough, but, by removing the cause, consequently, when the cough is cured the patient is well. Send address for pamphlet giving full directions, free.

Price 35 cts., 50 cts., and $1.00 per bottle.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

DOWNS' ELIXIR.

DOWNS' ELIXIR. DOWNS' ELIXIR.

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Outfits we furnish from $10 upwards.

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Forty years established in this line of business. 25mar3m

GUGGENHEIMER'S.

A fine selection of silk handkerchiefs and gent's neck-wear, for the holidays, at Guggenheimers.

.....o.....

An immense stock of the best styles youths' and boys' caps, at Guggenheimers.

.....o.....

Buffalo and wolf robes, lap robes, and horse blankets of all grades, at Guggenheimers.

.....o.....

A large stock of flanel shirts, at Guggenheimers.

.....o.....

Hides of all kinds wanted at Guggenheimers, and highest market price in Cash paid for same.

.....o.....

Guggenheimers is the only exclvsive eather store in Centre county. 3d'c.tf

$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 6 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely secured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

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A THOUGHT.

It fell at night upon a rocking world,
As sinks through glooms of eve a falling star;
God launched it upon time with wings unfurled,
And marked its flight through centuries afar.

As fell that spirit bright on Lemnos' Isle;
As Phaeton, from Phœbus' blazing car;
As from an angel's lip, a holy smile
Slides like a sunbeam from a world afar;

So on the dim earth fell that shining thought;
Like shooting-star it flashed along the brain
Of one who flushed to feel the strength it brought,
And shaped it for a world's eternal gain.

On prophet brows the chrismal light falls still;
They break for us through calyxes of doubt,
Through leaf-like thought o'erfolding thought, until
The single golden heart of truth shines out.

They catch a burning thought from lips divine,
And mold it into shape for human ken;
In poem, picture, sculptured stone to shine,
A holy thing blest unto sentient men.

FORTUNE'S FROWNS AND SMILES.

Mrs. Briggs had made a mistake. She owned as much, herself. And a mistake must be very patent, indeed, before Mrs. Briggs would own to it. For she was one of those high-nosed, domineering females who pretend to an almost superhuman foresight, and believe that they can read character as if it were an open book.

"I never was so disappointed in a girl in my life," said Mrs. Briggs. "I thought she had some grit about her. But, there! I might as well have an old dish-rag in my kitchen as Meta Milton!"

Meta herself, if the truth were to be told, was equally disillusionized. She had fancied that life in the country was all roses, new-mown hay and nightingales; and when it came to getting up before daybreak, churning by the half-hour in a blue-mold-smelling cellar, scrubbing kitchen floors and baking hot-cakes for a tableful of shirt-sleeved farm hands, she was completely taken aback.

There were no lanes wherein to linger at dusk (Mr. Briggs was a great deal too careful of his land to let any part of it run to waste), no picturesque old well-sweeps or ivy-clad ruins,

Cabbages grew in rows; onion patches flung their perfume on the air, and directly in front of the main door there was a field of monster tobacco leaves.

"And ef you've got any time to spare," said Mr. Briggs, "you'd better lay it out in pickin' them plaguy big worms off the terbacker, instead o' cuttin' round the country arter wild-flowers!"

Meta had been a shop-girl in a Bridgeport store before she came to her Cousin Briggs'. Her health had failed; the doctor had advised country air, new milk and change of scene.

Mrs. Briggs, on being written to, had unwillingly consented that Meta should spend the summer there.

"She must be a poor cretur, indeed, if she can't earn her board and a little more into the bargain," said Mrs. Briggs, who was one of those griping, grinding taskmistresses who think of trade and profit alone.

But Meta had not passed triumphantly through the ordeal. Perhaps she had not fully regained her strength. Perhaps she had become discouraged with the endless treadmill of work which Mrs. Briggs provided for her.

She was a pale, pretty girl, with fair hair, large, sorrowful blue eyes, and a color that came and went with flickering brilliance.

"And it's my opinion," said Mrs. Briggs, who was in the habit of flying around the house with her head tied up in a cotton pocket-handkerchief, "that she spends a deal too much time a-fixin' up and prinkin' before the glass—white lace at her neck every day and a ribbon bow and white aprons of an afternoon. Checked gingham is good enough for me, and it ought to be for her!"

At the end of the first month, Mrs. Briggs told Meta, with engaging frankness, that she had not proved equal to the emergency.

"I guess we don't want you here no more," said Mrs. Briggs. "You ain't got no more strength than a rabbit, and, anyway, there ain't no calculation about you. You may do very well as a store-girl, but you won't never earn your bread at general housework."

Meta sighed.

"But what am I to do?" said she. "Where am I to go?"

"That's your affair,' said Mrs. Briggs.

And then she went to take her bread out of the oven.

John Perkins, the nephew of the old deacon who lived in the brick house on the hill, and had more money than the best arithmetician in Yellow Plains could count, came the next day to drive Meta and her poor little trunk to the stage-station.

John had seen Meta at church. He had stood beside her more than once at singing-school; and one night, when the cattle were obstreperous, he had come to the rescue, and helped Meta drive them home.

So, when Farmer Briggs sent over word that his horse was lame, and asked for the loan of Deacon Perkins' roan colt to carry Meta Milton to the station, John himself had volunteered to act as charioteer.

"Going away, hey?" said John, when they had ridden a short distance in silence.

"Yes," said Meta, sadly, "I am going away."

"Didn't like the folks?" said John.

"I tried to like them," said Meta; "but Mrs. Briggs was not suited with me. The washings were too heavy, and it gave me a pain in the side to lift the tubs."

"You do look rather slim," observed John.

And he chewed a straw in silence for some time before he asked, with some abruptness:

"And where are you bound for?"

"I don't know," said Meta. "I can't go back to the store because my place is filled up; and it's very hard to get work anywhere at this time of year. The doctor said I ought to stay a year at least in the country; but Mrs. Briggs has got another girl and—"

Here John Perkins suddenly arrested the course of the roan-colt, and began turning him scientifically around.

"Dear dear!" said Meta, "have we got into the wrong road?"

"No," said John Perkins. "Not as I know of. But if the Doctor said you ought to stay a year, then a year you stay.

"But where?" said Meta.

"With *us*!" said John Perkins. "I've took a notion to you, Meta, The first time I ever set eyes on you, I said to myself, 'Here's the gal for me!' And if you'll marry me, Meta, I'll do my best to take care of you and be a good husband to you."

"*Marry* you!" repeated Meta, and she looked timidly into John Perkins' honest gray eyes, and then she added: "Yes, Mr. Perkins, I will!"

"Shall we go right to the parson's?" said John.

"I—I suppose so," said Meta.

"It's the best way," said John. "If I begin a job, I generally like to go on with it."

So they were married. Meta went back to Mr. Briggs' house, until her young husband could break the news to his uncle. Mrs. Briggs received the bride with some faint semblance of welcome.

"John Perkins is a likely fellow," said she, "and the deacon is the richest man in Yellow Pines. I will allow, Meta, that you haven't done badly for yourself. If you'd told me what you was calculatin' for—"

"But I was not calculating," said Meta, indignantly. "I never thought of such a thing, until John asked me to be his wife."

"That'll do to tell," said Mrs. Briggs with a dry chuckle.

"Meanwhile, John went bravely to his uncle.

"Uncle," said he, "I guess you'll have to spare me a bigger room arter this."

Deacon Perkins, a dried-up, withered old man, with a strong likeness to the chimpanzee tribe, looked up from his account-book with a snarl, which revealed a set of ragged, yellow teeth.

"A bigger room?" said he. "What for?"

"There's at least a dozen rooms in the house you don't use," said John, "and they'd be all the better for being occupied; and besides"—as if this was a mere incidental fact—"I've been getting married!"

The deacon dropped his spectacle-case, and as John picked it up and handed it back to him, he added:

"To Meta Milton."

The deacon's little eyes glittered like very small gas-lamps, seen through a November fog."

"You've married her, have you?" said he.

"Yes, sir," said John.

"Well, then," said the deacon, "you can take her somewhere else and support her, for I'll never see nor speak to either one of you again as long as I live!"

"Do you really mean it, uncle?" said John.

"Anr I in the habit of joking?" said Mr, Perkins, with an ugly grin, that made him more chimpanzee-like than ever. "If you're so very independent, you can go and hang out your flag of freedom at your leisure!"

This was rather hard on John, who had always been taught to regard himself as his uncle's adopted child.

But he was too proud to sue for a rich man's favor.

"Just as you please, sir," said he. "But won't you let me bring Meta to see you?"

"No, I won't!" said the deacon.

"Oh, John, I have ruined you!" said Meta, when he came back to tell the tale.

"Ruined me, puss?" said he cheerfully—"not a bit of it! You've been the making of me. It ain't good for nobody to hang on the coat-skirts of a rich man. I'm more independent now than I have been for ten years. If Mrs. Briggs will let us stay here for a few days—"

"I couldn't, possibly!" said Mrs. Briggs, freezing visibly. "If your good, pious uncle discountenances you, it ain't for me to set myself up ag'in his judgment."

"Very well," said John; "Farmer Drake wants a hand to help clear up the maple hills this winter—I'll engage with him. My Meta shall have a good home somewhere!"

When Mrs. Briggs heard that John Perkins had rented the little one-storied cabin by the railroad, and furnished it for his bride, she shook her head forebodingly.

"If Meta can put up with a hole like that, she hain't no proper pride," said she.

But Meta was as happy as a lark.

It was a humble home, but it was her own. And John came home to it every night, with a face as cheerful as the dawn.

"I wish it was a palace, puss, for your sake," said he.

"I couldn't be happier, John, if it was," Meta brightly answered.

"And you don't mind your Cousin Briggs passing you in the street, without speaking to you?"

"Not in the least, if you don't mind Deacon Perkins returning your letters unopened."

"He is an ill-tempered old crab," said John, with a hearty laugh.

"And she," merrily retorted Meta, "is a venomous old gossip."

While the public opinion of Yellow Plains unanimously condemned Mr. and Mrs. Perkins to the poor-house in the course of a brief time,

"He has'nt a cent of capital," said one neighbor.

"And she ain't no management and never had," said another.

"Buys bakers bread, and makes her pie-crust with butter instead o' drippin's," said Mrs. Briggs. "Did any one ever hear of such shiftlessness? I, for one, wash my hands of them."

Until, one day, Deacon Perkins died sitting in his chair, with his spectacles on his nose.

"We'll go to the funeral, Meta," said John to his wife. "Of course he has left all his money to the Gattawooche Indian Mission," as he always said he would. But he was my uncle after all,"

"Very well," said Meta. "We'll go."

All the neighborhood was there, of course. The richest man in Yellow Plains did not depart this life every day. But every one looked coldly upon the young couple as they entered, and Mrs. Briggs studiously evaded them.

When the burial ceremonies were over, Mr. Briggs sidled up to the lawyer, a fat man, with a shining bald head and a white mustache.

"It's about the mortgage, Squire Coyte," said he. "That one that Deacon Perkins had on our farm. I do hope the Gattawooche Indians won't be particular about takin' it up jest yet, because times is hard, and I ain't noways prepared, The interest is a little behind, to be sure, but—"

"What have the Gattawooche Indians got to do with it?" said the squire, crisply.

"Why, they're the heirs, folks tell me," said Mr. Briggs, uneasily twirling his thumbs.

"Not at all," said Mr. Coyte. "The Gattawoochee Indian will was destroyed long ago; and Mr. Perkins never made another. The heir to all the property is the next of kin, his nephew, John Perkins."

Public opinion changed as quickly as only public opinion can do, when this piece of news became bruited abroad.

Everybody discovered all of a sudden that they had always sympathized with the dear young couple—that John Perkins was a noble fellow, and his wife Meta one of the salt of the earth.

And Mrs. Briggs came humbly to the redbrick mansion on the hill to see Meta, and beg her to intercede with her husband in their behalf.

"About the mortgage," said she, "that Deacon Perkins had on our farm. It's over-due, and Briggs hasn't been as regular with the interest as I could have wished; but I do hope, Meta, he won't be hard with us!"

It was a bitter pill for Mrs. Briggs to swallow, but Meta did not exult over her fallen foe.

"Of course he will not be hard with you, Cousin Briggs, said she, kindly. "Are we not relations? And now you must sit down and have a cup of tea with us, and John will send the box-wagon down for your husband to come and spend the evening."

The tears came into Mrs. Briggs' eyes.

"I do feel sort o' faint," said she. "I never slept none last night, thinkin' what would become of us if the old home was took away. But I'm all right now, Meta, thanks to you!"

And she said when she got home to her fireside:

"If ever coals of fire were heaped on a human head, Meta Perkins heaped 'em on mine this day."

"She's a good gal," said Farmer Briggs—"a good gal!"

ish of Gibraltar.

Military discipline is here the great order of the day. Never for one moment can you forget the ruling spirit. You dare not produce a pencil and note-book till your sketching pass is duly signed and countersigned, and even that is only given for a limited period, and with the proviso that you must make no drawing of any fortification (as if you could omit the one characteristic of the place.) At every turn you come on new batteries, great guns and mortars, with their thousand hard, black eyes, keeping watch and ward. Death's playthings everywhere. The very gardens yielding only grapeshot and other Dead Sea fruit.

Beside the graceful flower vases are heaped up great pyramids of cannon balls; fixed bayonets gleam beneath the spiked aloes; tall plumes of grasses wave over plumed bonnets, and scarlet blossoms resolve themselves into tartans as first one, then another well-known regiment marches down with pipes playing, for there is a field day on the parade ground in as picturesque a spot as you are likely to find, and Spaniards and Moors, Jews and Britons are among the spectators, to say nothing of Rock scorpions, as English children born on "Old Gib" are called.

Doubtless, also, the Barbary apes are looking down on us from their haunts among the cliffs, where they still find a refuge, being protected by stringent laws, They are tailless, of course, as their name implies. Poor, humble-looking creatures, yet more precious than all their long tailed brethren, inasmuch as they are the sole representatives of the monkey tribe still existing in Europe.

Professional Match Makers.

Marriages are usually arranged by "brokers," in Borneo. These brokers are old women who always keep themselves in a position to quote the state of the marriage market, which fluctuates. In hard times even girls of good appearance are comparatively a drug. In time of plenty they "rule firm." The marriage broker is ever a welcome guest where there are daughters to marry, and also in houses where the sons wish to find a suitable bride. The young people are not consulted by the broker. She deals with the parents, and generally with the mothers. Crafty as a horse dealer, she runs glibly over the various advantages, mental, physical, and pecuniary, of her *clientele* of both sexes. So and so is a steady, quiet man. Such an one has brilliant prospects—has(important consideration) no other wife. The details being settled after much haggling, the young people are engaged, and the marriage broker gets her commission both from the parents of the bride-groom and those of the bride elect.

Hopine.

They have a drink in Iowa called "hopine." It is said to represent beer so closely that even an expert cannot tell the difference. A saloon keeper has been prosecuted for selling it, but the jury held that the sale of "hopine" is not a violation of the prohibitory law.

Courage.

"Thirteen and seven are twenty; and nine—oh, dear me! I wonder what that noise in the basement hall is! It sounds just like some one crying."

Miss Comfort Walker laid down the pen wherewith she was industriously adding up her household accounts, and, metaphorically speaking pricked up her ears.

"It is some one crying!" she said to herself. "Oh, dear, dear! what a world of tears and tribulation this is!"

Miss Walker had been left penniless and unprotected at the age of twenty, but she was not one of the "drooping ivy" kind that takes to needlework and tubercles on the lungs. So Miss Comfort went boldly ahead, opened a first-class boarding house and made money. This was the history of the brisk little woman in a brown debege dress and cherry ribbons at her neck, who bustled down stairs to see what could be the meaning of the vague, indefinite sobbing sound which now became audible.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Miss Comfort Walker, as she perceived Ellen O'Brien, the washerwoman, in the basement hall.

"Yes, it's me, worse luck, Miss Comfort." whimpered poor Ellen.

"And what's the matter?"

"It's me bill up stairs, Miss Comfort—the boarder in the second-story front, wid the gay goold shirt studs an' the green and yellow stones in his sleeve buttons! Nine dollars and siventy cents, Miss Comfort—six weeks' washing and ironing—and now, when I makes bould to ax him would he be pleased to pay me, he tells me it isn't convanient! And whin I tells him how sore I needs the money he ups and gets mad and says I shan't have it at all."

Miss Comfort stood listening with knitted brows and troubled black eyes.

"Have you got your bill with you, Ellen? said she, after a moment's hesitation.

"Jimmy wrote it out, all nate and proper," faltered Ellen, producing a crumpled slip of pale blue paper from her pocket.

"Give it to me," said Miss Comfort Walker. "And come here this evening at 8 o'clock, and you shall have your money.

She went slowly up stairs with the little piece of paper in her hand.

"It's a shame," said Miss Comfort. "Leotard Carlyon was Miss Comfort Walker's best boarder, with the single exception that, up to the present moment, his twenty-five dollars a week had been *in futuro*.

Now, it so chanced that one reason for her reposing so much confidence in Mr. Leotard Carlyon, the boarder, was that he was the nephew and heir apparent of Caleb Carylon, the rich banker from whom she rented her brown-stone house, at the trifling consideration of three thousand dollars per annum.

So she went bravely up to Mr. Carlyon's room and tapped at the door.

"Come in," he called out. "Oh, it's you, Miss Walker, is it?"

Miss Comfort advanced valiantly with the bill in her hand to where Leotard Carlyon reclined languidly amid a heap of sofa pillows, with a newspaper in his hand.

"Don't you think you could settle this little account, Mr. Carlyon?" she said. "The poor woman needs it very much."

Leotard Carlyon's handsome black brows darkened.

"She has been to you with her story, has she?" snarled he. "No, I can't settle it! And I wouldn't if I could!"

So Miss Comfort tied on a little brown velvet hat she had trimmed with scarlet poppies and brown autumn leaves, and set out bravely for the Mount Orient Bank.

The clerks stared at her a little curiously as she was shown into the president's room at the back, where Mr. Carlyon sat, straight and upright, with blue eyes like a falcon and hair slightly sprinkled with gray.

He elevated his brows at the sight of Miss Comfort Walker. And she told the story of Ellen O'Brien and her wrongs.

"May I ask, Miss Walker, why you interest yourself so markedly in this affair?" the banker asked with a cold, measured calm that contrasted strangely with the little woman's heat and flurry.

"Because I think no man has a right to cheat a poor woman out of her hard-earned money."

"Cheat is a strong word, Miss Walker," observed her landlord.

"It's the only correct word in this case, Mr Carlyon," retorted Miss Comfort, secretly marvelling at her own courage in thus daring to confront the stately banker.

"Perhaps he is owing something to yourself" questioned the banker keenly.

"Yes, sir, he is," Miss Comfort made an answer. "But it isn't that I came about. I am quite able to attend to my own financial debts, even to lose a little, if it should be necessary, but this poor woman is friendless and alone."

Mr. Carlyon glanced at his watch. Miss Comfort turned toward the door.

"I am sorry that my time is no longer at my own disposal," said he courteously.

And Miss Comfort went away almost crying.

"Now I've made an enemy of him, as well as Mr. Leotard, and haven't done the least good in the world," she thought. "And he will let the house to some one else in the spring, and—and—but, after all, I am not sorry that I did my best. Poor, poor Ellen! What shall I say to her when she comes at eight o'clock?"

But that evening just as Miss Comfort was beginning again at her pile of account books, a ring came to the door, and Mr. Carlyon, the banker was shown in. Miss Comfort rose up, confused and fluttering.

"Miss Walker, pray don't let me disturb you," said the banker. "I have only dropped in for a little social call. You showed yourself to-day in a different light from any in which you have yet appeared."

"A dun?" demanded poor Miss Comfort, almost hysterically.

"No—a true-hearted, noble-natured woman! But you need no longer distress yourself. The bill is paid. And now, if you are at leisure, I'll just take my evening cup of tea with you."

How pleased and proud Miss Comfort was, as she poured the decoction of fragrant Young Hyson into her great grandmother's china cup, decorated with butterflies and oblong scrolls of gilt and violets! And how she kept wondering all the while how in the world Mr. Carylon, the great banker, could take such interest in her homely humdrum little affairs.

But if she had only known it, Mr. Carlyon seldom came across a true, real heart in his complicated business transactions.

"It is not true," said Mr. Leotard. "My uncle would never make such a fool of himself at his age. Why, he's 50 if he's a day!"

"Only 44," said Mrs. Leigh Creswick, with malicious delight. "But of course it must be a great mortification to you, Mr. Leotard, who have always been looked upon as his heir. And to think, too, he is going to marry that queer little old woman who keeps the boarding-house. For it is true! As true as taxes! I saw the wedding-ring myself at ——'s."

Mr. Leotard Carlyon gnawed silently at his moustache. How strangely little circumstances are woven together into life's web, he thought. If he had paid that whinning washerwoman's bill she would have not confided her woes to Miss Comfort Walker; and Miss Comfort Walker would not have gone to his uncle; and his uncle wouldn't have fallen in love with Miss Comfort's rosy cheeks and bonnet neither, and he would still have been the rich banker's heir apparent.

He wished he had paid the washerwoman's bill!

Courting by Firelight.

Uncle Davy was giving the boys some advice in their love-making affairs, and one of them asked him how the young people did when he was sparking. "Them was great times boys," he said in reply, 'great times.' We didn't have no gas, nor no kerosene, nor no new fangled notions, and we done our sparkin' by a plain tallow dip: but most frequently just by the fire light. Fire light is warmin', boys and flickers just enough to make a girls eyes shine and the peach blossom glow in her cheeks. Its mighty soft and purty, too and kinder reaches out and mels two hearts together in a way none of your gaslight knows any thing about. Sometimes the fire shined up a little powerful in places, and the young man would git up, without sayin' any thing, and would put a shovelful of ashes on it. Then he would cuddle up to the girl in the shadows and she would cuddle some too, and it didn't seem like thers was any thing else in the whole big round earth to be wished for. Purty soon the fire would git obstreperous again, and the little flames would twinkle in and out, as if they wanted to see what was going on, or had seen and was laughin' and winkin, about it and havin' some fun, too, and the young fellow would reach for the shovel and the ashes and cover the bright blazes all up. And sometimes—remember, now only sometimes—the gal would get up and put ashes on, and then—well boys, when the blue-birds come in the spring and the fishin' worms crawled out on the ground, and the boys sat on the banks of the little creek waitin' for a bite, and the Johnny jump ups nestled in the warm places, there was a weddin' in the old house and the purty bride wore apple blossoms in her hair and the awkward young fellow blushed in store cloths and tight boots; and when the winter come again they sat by their own fire and the ashes was out of a job."

Cold Cream.

Some humorist could base a good story on the remark of a fun-loving young wife whom I overheard at the toilet goods counter of a leading establishment.

"Stop a second," she said to her female companion. "I want to buy a pot of cold cream."

"I didn't know you ever used it," said the other.

"No more did I, until I got the roller skating craze. You'll never guess the strange effect the exercise had on me. Adolph attempted to kiss me in the dark t'other evening, and do you believe it, he missed my lips three times in succession."

"What on earth was the reason of that?"

"Listen to me telling you. The motion of skating—for I had spent the afternoon at the rink—had so affected all my nerves and muscles, I suppose, that they went yank, yank, first one half of me and the other, in sympathy with the action of the feet in alternation of skating. My mouth wasn't excepted. It went so and so"—and here she drew up her pretty lips, first awry to one side and then to the other—"in a manner that upset his aim. I guess some cold cream would restore quietude."

Sociability.

Sociability is the best corrective of that serious and prolonged absorption is business or thought or cares which in detrimental to many of our busy people. The rest taken in soltitude, after working hours are over, permits the mind to still pursue one beaten track. The easy chair and blazing fire may be tempting to the weary toiler, but they do not force his thought into other channels or compel him to lay aside the train of ideas that has for long hours been working his brain. Society, on the contrary, forbids such unwholesome indulgence. She insists upon a total change of mind and manner during her short reign. She insists upon vivacity, variety, imagination—if possible, wit and humor, or at least a cheerful interest in that of others. She banishes the accustomed seriousness of mind, the brooding over familiar topics, even the earnestness of strong emotion. For a short time all these are forced to give away to the lighter play of fancy, the excitement of popular interests and the development of sympathy with others upon unfamiliar and varied subjects. Thus the mind is refreshed and invigorated, unused faculties are brought into exercise and the lost balance restored by a gentle compulsion which no one dares to resist.

At St. Bernard.

Few conditions of life can be more dreary than that of the fathers of Saint Bernard. A pitiless winter of eight months in the year, and the scene that stretches around their abode very confined, having little of the grandeur of most Alpine views in so elevated a site. The mountains, constantly covered with snow, rise near the convent: not a shrub, tree, or blade of verdure is to be seen; there are two or three small lakes not far from the walls, which are covered with ice nearly the whole year. The monotony of their life is certainly broken by the incessant arrival of visitors of all nations, and this scarcely ceases during the most severe and inclement weather. They indulge at times in a relaxation from the strictness of the hospice; music is introduced, and when the monastery has possessed a large party, with several ladies, within its walls, a kind of ball has actually been got up, and permitted by the superior, much to the amusement and enjoyment of the solitary fathers.

The community of St. Bernard do not live beneath a system of terror. They are neither expected to endure vigorous fasting nor maceration. The allowance of wine daily dealt out to each, a good monk said, was not copious, being confined to a bottle, that was to serve during the two meals of dinner and supper; but if any of them are ailing or unwell an additional quantity is allowed. Their manner of life is less luxurious than in many of the monasteries of the south and east, their repast being extremely simple; though most travelers who have spent a day or night beneath their roof found the table well served, a good supper on the board, and often a bottle of choice wine.

The Muscat of Chambave, a delicious and old wine from the valley of Aost, is always kept there. The superior always sits at table with his guests, and seldom any of the other brethren; he is an elderly and agreeable man, and exerts all his powers, of pleasing to make his visitors comfortable and at their ease. Most visitors remain no more than a few hours, and find that period quite sufficient in so dreary and unattractive a region; those who arrive in the evening take up their lodging for the night. The community do not accept any recompense, but there is a poor box in the church into which the donations of all strangers are dropped, and this is a genteeler mode of remunerating their hospitality.

There is no daring or self-devotion of which the guides are not capable. No tempest, or falling avalanches, or snow-storm deters them from advancing on the track of their faithful and sagacious dogs. Often they are summoned forth amidst the darkness of the night, and, equipped with long poles and lanterns, they traverse the fearful wilds around the convent, when every beaten path is buried from the view. Often it happens that the guide takes a course he thinks the most probable to succeed in his object, when the dogs pursue a directly contrary direction, being led, even at a distance, partly by instinct and by the exquisite keenness of their smell with which they trace to the spot where a traveler has fallen.

The guides instantly abandon their own course, on perceiving this, and follow that of the dog, that soon arrives at the fatal place and generally succeeds in drawing forth the victim. The guides, who thus often devote their lives to rescue the bewildered traveler, are not attached to the monastery, and only reside there during the winter. They are hardy peasants from the hills and valleys, the nearest on the Italian frontier, who leave their cottages and families during the inclement season to give their services to the monastery. It might be thought the gratuity for such services could not well be too large, but it does not exceed $20 for the season to each guide. They are well maintained, of course, in the convent, and hold themselves in readiness to sally out at a moment's call, by night or day.

The avalanche often covers so deeply the victims that the sagacity even of the dogs is ineffectual; the depth beneath baffles their scent. It is rather from beneath the snowstorm than the avalanche that the victims are rescued; pulled out from their fatal canopy by the teeth of the sagacious animals, aided by the poles of the guides, they are placed on these poles crossways, which serve as a temporary bier, and borne rapidly to the convent. If life still remains, however faintly, the instant remedies resorted to are generally successful; if it is extinct, the perished traveler is borne to the morgue, and placed in an attitude that suits the taste of his bearers, among the many hundreds who have already ended their wanderings in the same gloomy place of rest.

Long Life.

"Longevity has increased within half a century from the average of thirty three years to that of forty-four," said a scientist. "The methods of prolonging life have increased and the system of hygiene has so far been improved upon that, as a doctor remarked to his patient, 'there is no reason why you should ever die, if you follow instructions and take the medicine given.' Then again it is asserted by some that people living in the cities are not as long lived as those residing in the country. That is only true by reason of the fact that in cities people in a general way dissipate more than in the country and wear life out. But that portion who lead regular lives live just as long as those in the rural districts living the same way. Then the inference naturally is that it is not the place, climate considered, but the people themselves who prolong or shorten their existence."

Blues.

Get down to a realization of true labor and success. Get out from the shadow of a weary body, an overloaded constitution, an overtaxed digestion, and find the true spiritual life conditioned by none of these. And learn that true life deeper than noise, and true life deeper than protestation and talk. Nor judge your success by the crowds who gather or the multitude who applaud, nor your failure by the stillness or apparent desertion. True success lies in changed hearts, in lives not deemed, in faces uplifted toward God.

A Wonderful Freak of Nature

is sometimes exhibited in our public exhibitions. When we gaze upon some of the peculiar freaks dame nature occasionally indulges in, our minds revert back to the creation of man. "who is so fearfully and wonderfully made." The mysteries of his nature have been unraveled by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, and through his knowledge of those mysteries he has been able to prepare his "Golden Medical Discovery," which is a specific for all blood taints, poisons and humors, such as scrofula, pimples, blotches, eruptions, swellings, tumors, ulcers and kindred affections. By druggists.

A word spoken in season at the right moment is the master of ages.

$500 Not Called For.

It seems strange that it is necessary to persuade men that you can cure their diseases by offering a premium to the man who fails to receive benefit. And yet Dr. Sage undoubtedly cured thousands of cases of obstinate catarrh with his "Catarrh Remedy," who would never have applied to him, if it had not been for his offer of the above sum for an incurable case. Who is the next bidder for cure or cash?

Associate with the wise, and their knowledge will cling to your skirts.

* * * * Rupture, pile tumors, fistulas, and all diseases (except cancer) of the lower bowel radically cured. Book of particulars two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

Half the ills we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them.

Every Woman in the Land

owes it to herself and her family to take care of her health. When she finds her health failing, and debility and weakness, undermines her strength, her surest and best remedy is Kidney-Wort. It builds up the general health, keeps the secretory system in perfect order, regulates the Kidneys and Bowels, and enables these important organs to perform their natural functions in throwing off the accumulated impurities of the body.

Near time to "slick up" your premises.

PRETTY WOMEN.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

Wounds of the heart are the only ones that are healed by opening.

Beauty.

A woman's greatest beauty
Lies not in face or form so fine,
But in the wondrous wealth of hair
Produced by Carboline.

Care well for young stock nowadays.

☞ ECONOMY IS WEALTH. No woman really practices economy unless she uses the Diamond Dyes. Many pounds can be saved every year. Ask your druggist. Only 10c. Simple to use. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

The best way to silence a talkative person is never to interrupt them

"ROUGH ON ITCH."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

M. Seguin, of Paris, has patented the following process for increasing the power of resistance of iron to tension, tortion and transverse stress: The iron is dipped entirely or partly in sulphuric or hydrochloric acid, hot and diluted, or in a mixture of one part turpentine to five or six parts water. When the acid process is employed the metal is heated to a cherry red and dipped in a solution consisting of equal parts of sulphuric acid of 60° and water. When turpentine is used the solution must be continually agitated. By both methods the metal must be left in the solution until its temperature has become the same as that of the solution, and then it is at once dipped in hot water.

The new metallic compound now produced in England, known as Spence's metal, has been largely resorted to for making secure joints in water and gas-pipes—a kind of work for which it is thought, it may supersede lead on account of its being more readily applied, and of its property of expanding as it cools, enabling it to make a thoroughly tight junction without tamping. It is a peculiar kind of bronze obtained from the sulphides of various metals. It is very light, being of about one-third the specific gravity of lead; it melts at a low point, that is, at about 250° Fahrenheit; it flows freely, resists the action of water and acids, and is unaffected by atmospheric influences.

Attempts have been made in Lyons, France, to adapt the Bessemer process to the refining of copper ores by burning off the sulphur combined with the pyrites, but toward the end of the process the charge has cooled off too much. This obstacle has been overcome at Lyons by inserting a phosphor bronze which increases in temperature far beyond the copper, and at length arrives at a dazzling white heat. The phosphorus in burning disengages an enormous amount of heat, which liquefies the copper. The Bessemer operation in copper refining is simply to add a small quantity of phosphorus to the charge, and thus obtain after the combustion is all over, a cake of pure copper. A company has been formed in Lyons for the purpose of working the new process, and works have been laid down,

The Earth's Internal Heat.—Scientific men in Japan are now discussing the possibility of utilizing the internal heat of the earth. At a recent meeting of the Seismological Society read a paper in which he said that the fact that there was an unlimited supply of energy in the interior of the earth had been generally overlooked, although portions of it crop out in countries like Japan, Iceland and New-Zealand in the form of hot springs, solfatarss, volcanoes, etc. He stated that there is unlimited supply of water in hot springs within a radius of 160 miles around Tokio, and that the heat of these springs could be converted into an electric current and transmitted to the town.

A new motor driven by the explosion of small charges of gun cotton has been produced in England and is said to be applicable wherever small powers are required.

The Illustrated Railway World, referring to the production of steel rails in the United States, says that in 1874 we produced 38,250 tons of steel rails and imported 40,701 tons. In 1880 we produced 967,900 tons and imported 275,000 tons. Since the first steel rails were produced here in 1876 we have used 4,600,000 tons of them, at a cost of $184,000,000.

Could Find No Rest.

"I had acute kidney disease, bordering on Bright's disease and could find no rest day or night until I took HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY." Mrs. W. H. Stilson, Boston, Mass.

Many forms of kidney disease are very difficult to detect, and the symptoms are not of a marked nature. Statistics show that more than 50 per cent of the deaths arise from kidney disease, direct or incidental. HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY never fails to immediately relieve the worst cases.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS., May 12, 1883.
"I was recommended to use HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY for general debility in my family. I find it just as recommended—a medicine of great value."—Geo. W. Scolon, Watchman, South Boston Car Stables.

He is a great man who can sacrifice everything and say nothing.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.
600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Our deeds determine us as much as we determine our deeds.

What is the use of suffering with Backache, Rheumatism, Kidney Diseases, Sciatica, Crick, Stitches, Chest and Lung Troubles, Torpid Liver, or soreness in any part when a *Hop Plaster* will certainly give you relief? Vastly superior to all other porous plasters. You'll say so after using one. 25c. everywhere.

Worth begets in base minds envy, in great minds emulation.

AN ITEM OF INTEREST.—"Beeson's Aromatic Alum Sulphur Soap prevents, cures and heals skin diseases, softens and beautifies face and hands. 25c., by Druggists, or by mail. Address Wm. Dreydoppel, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nature in your mind great thoughts; to believe in the heroic makes heroes.

FOR BRONCHIAL, ASTHMATIC, AND PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" manifest remarkable curative properties. *Sold only in boxes.*

No man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity.

LIFE PRESERVER.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

Put working teams in good condition.

MENSMAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility, also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, over-work or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Caswell, Hazard & Co., proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

Don't miss meetings of farmers' clubs.

"ROUGH ON PILES."

Cures Piles or Hemorrhoids, Itching, Protruding, Bleeding, Internal or other. Internal and External Remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists

Trees in the forest may be barren, but trees in the garden should be fruitful.

St. Bernard Vegetable Pills.

WARRANTED PURELY VEGETABLE. The best cure for Liver and Bilious Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia. As a Blood Purifier and Spring Medicine they have no equal. No family should be without a box of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills in the house. Price 25 cents at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address P. NEUSTAEDTER & CO., 82 Mercer St., New York.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

In order to enrich the blood, and thus impart fresh vigor to the enfeebled system, stimulate flagging digestion with the national invigorant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, by infusing energy into the operations of the stomach, promotes, nay, insures thorough digestion and assimilation, and consequent nutrition. A gain to appetite, vigor and flesh, is invariably found to follow a course of this deservedly popular tonic, which is, moreover, a reliable preventive of malarial fevers. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

ASTHMA Samples of **Dr. R. W. Read's Celebrated Asthma Relief** sent free to all who apply. It is also an excellent remedy for Coughs, Colds and Catarrh. 50c. and $1.00 packages sent by mail.
AND
CATARRH A. ETHRIDGE, Manufacturer and Proprietor, Rome, N. Y.

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

G has taken the lead in the sales of that class of remedies, and has given almost universal satisfaction. MURPHY BROS., Paris, Tex.
G has won the favor of the public and now ranks among the leading Medicines of the oldtime. A. L. SMITH, Bradford, Pa.
Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the World. Made only by the Frazer Lubricator Co. at Chicago, N. Y. & St. Louis. *Sold everywhere.*

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. E. BURNS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS

No other medicine known so effectually purges the blood of deep-seated diseases.
Millions bear testimony to its wonderful curative effects.
It is a purely Vegetable Preparation made from the native herbs and roots of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol.
It removes the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health.
It is the great Blood Purifier and Life-giving Principle; a Gentle Purgative and Tonic; a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to.
The Alterative, Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Anti-Bilious, Solvent, Diuretic and Tonic properties of VINEGAR BITTERS exceed those of any other medicine in the world.
No person can take the BITTERS according to directions and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.
Bilious, Remittent, Intermittent and Malarial Fevers, are prevalent throughout the United States, particularly in the valleys of our great rivers and their vast tributaries during the Summer and Autumn, especially during seasons of unusual heat and dryness.
These Fevers are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these organs, is absolutely necessary.
There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as it will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.
Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus forearmed.
It invigorates the Stomach and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render it of unequaled efficiency in cleansing the blood of all impurities, imparting new life and vigor to the frame, and carrying off without the aid of Calomel, or other mineral medicine, every particle of poisonous matter from the system.
Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.
Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous or Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS has shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.
For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, the Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.
Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Typesetters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS.
For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.
Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like the Bitters.
For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, this Bitters has no equal.
Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.
In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle is a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.
Around each bottle are full directions printed in different languages.
R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO., Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal., and 528, 530 & 532 Washington St., Cor. Charlton St., New York.
Sold by all Dealers and Druggists.

MORPHINE Chloral and Opium Habits
EASILY CURED. BOOK FREE.
DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, Jefferson, Wisconsin

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Prof. Kline, by his lectures, investigations, scientific treatments and immense practice, stands alone eminently unrivaled, and acknowledged authority on Cancer and its kindred. The most extraordinary cures by his great *Carbolized Cancer Antidotes* are recorded. *No knife, caustics, loss of blood or painful treatment* required in removing the largest of Cancers or Tumors. For particulars, send for free treatise or call on DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.
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Improved Elastic Truss. Worn night and day. Positively cures Rupture. Send by mail everywhere. Write for full descriptive circulars to the
New York Elastic Truss Company, 744 B'dway, New York

WORMS In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S INFALLIBLE WORM SYRUP
An alluring remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle.
☞ FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS. ☜

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CLOCKS Big money for Agents. Send for Catalogue and terms. Erie Clock Co., Erie, Pa. **CLOCKS**

THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL **TOOTH POWDER**
Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

Blair's Pills, Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy.
Oval Box, $1.00; round, 50 cts.

STAMPING OUTFIT. LADIES can do their stamping FOR NOTHING. Patterns cost *less than is charged for stamping.* Outfit consists of 35 ocean patterns for embroidery and painting. Set of 26 Initials, 2 inches high. Book showing nearly 2,000 designs for Fancy Work. Powder Pad *and everything needed to do stamping.* 1 Felt tidy with needle and silk to work it, worth 60c. Book telling **how to stamp** Plush, Felt, &c., teaches the Kensington Ribbon Vlush and other stitches, how to do **Kensington** and **Lustre Painting, Flitter Work,** &c. Price List of Embroidery Materials, Books, &c. By mail, $1.00.
T. E. PARKER, Lynn, Mass.

PATCH WORK. Elegant packages of Silks and Satins sent for 25c. Embroidery Silks, 10c. doz. A. G. BASSETT, Rochester, N.Y.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 50cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

HUMOROUS.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON—"You carried out those measures of economy I told you about?"

Head of Department—"Yes, sir. I sold all the cane seat chairs and got wooden ones, and I made the boy take back the new office broom my luxurious predecessor ordered and told him to do the sweeping with a shovel."

"That's right. Retrenchment is the order of the hour. But that, I hope, is not all."

"Oh, no. I discharged the woman who washed the office towels. We can shake them out and dry them in the sun."

"Ah! How easy it is to save the people's money when one is in earnest about it. How much have you saved thus far?"

"About $17.50."

"Good! Raise Mike Mulligan's salary to $3,000 a year."

FIRST PPILADELPHIA PHILANTHROPIST—"Is it true that you are to erect temperance fountains in the public squares?"

Second Philadelphia Philanthropist—"I was thinking of it."

"I should like to help you in that good work. Your intention was to have iron fountains, I believe."

"Yes."

"If there are two of us we can afford to have put up handsome ones. Now, why not marble fountains, with statues and——"

"Oh, it would not do at all."

"Why not, pray?"

"Schuylkill water would so discolor the marble that people would be afraid to drink it."

A YOUNG girl, who seems to know what she is talking about, objects to the criticisms which make it appear that those of her sex who are true and womanly are scarce; and she wishes to know whether it is necessary, when a young lady is receiving company in the the parlor, that she shall lug in beefsteaks, washtubs, scrubbing brushes and smoothing irons, in order to convince a lot of ninnies of young men that she can work in the kitchen.

AN EXILED Canadian incidentally strayed out of his room in a Western hotel and in a moment of abstraction fell down the ten-story elevator well. They got up what they could of him and laid it out on a sofa.

"Don't disturb me," the exiled Canadian faintly gasped, while an expression of great ecstasy played over his features. "Ah! I haven't felt anything like it since I used to ride a toboggan in my own dear native land."

A peaceful smile slid into his face and he was gone. He never came back. He couldn't.

"PAPA, why don't you put mamma in the fire and heat her?" asked a San Carlos street cherub.

"Why, what in the world put that in your head?" asked the father.

"Why, I heard you say that you would do anything to get rid of her temper, and if you heat things it will take the temper out of them."

THREE days after Mr. T's death, his old valet, who had served him for a great number of years, died also, and people are surprised at the strange coincidence. "His master must have rung for him," was the dangerous reply.

A GENTLEMAN on horseback, finding himself at a spot where four roads met, asked a countryman who was working on one of them, where it ran to. Clodpole, raising himself from his stooping posture, scratching his head, replied with a grin: "I doesn't know where it runs to zur, we find it here every morning."

VICE VERSA.—"You foolish boy," said a mother upon discovering some India-ink pictures on her son's arm, "don't you know that they will remain there as long as you live?" "And will I live as long as they remain there?" asked the boy.

A MAN OF KNOWLEDGE.—"I swow!" exclaimed a bucolic voter at the caucus, "it beats all what Squire Wirepuller knows! Durn if he didn't tell me fust minute I come into the hall jest who I wanted to vote for, and I didn't know myself, nuther, and my mind ain't more'n half made up yet."

SPORTING ITEM.—"What are you doing with that gun?" asked a man who saw an Irish boy in the suburbs of Austin. "I am gunning for doves." "How many have you killed?" "Not any, bejabbers. I want to kill three or four at one shot, and I can niver get more than one av them together."

DE BLANK—"No, I don't feel like doing anything more. Why can't you attend to it yourself?"

Mrs. De Blank—"Because I can't; that's why. You are——"

De Blank—"Remember, my dear, it is the female mosquito that stings"

Mrs. De Blank—"Yes, the males are too lazy."

NOT ALARMING.—"Yes," said Brown, "poor Johnsbury is sinking fast. His mind is fast leaving him." "Nothing very alarming, is it," remarked Fogg, "that a man should free his mind?"

FACT IN PHYSICS.—Soon after Sir Henry Rivers took orders he was told by a friend that he would undoubtedly become a bishop. Indeed," said Sir Henry, "why so?" "Because rivers invariably go to the seas."

DEFINITION.—"What does 'in memorism' mean, pa," asked Billy. "Oh," said pa, behind his newspaper, "it's nothing. It's something you write on the tombstone of a man you are going to forget in a week."

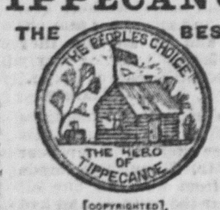
PLEASANT.—For a man to open his wife's jewel-box, and discover a strange gentleman's hair done up as a keepsake, and then to be told by his wife, in explanation, that "it is only the hair of poor Adolphus, whom pa wanted me to marry, before I saw you, the only man I could ever think of loving!"

When the vessel La Provence, which sank in the Bosphorus, was being raised, the telephone was added to the diver's equipment. One of the glasses of the hemlet was replaced by a copper plate in which a telephone was inserted so that the diver had only to turn his head slightly in order to receive his instructions and report what he had seen. The adoption of this means of communication in diving operations will, in case of danger or accident, tend to insure safety to lives that otherwise would have been sacrificed,

In determining the equivalent of carbon by the combustion of the diamond, Prof. H. E. Roscoe employed the same arrangements as M. Dumas and Stas, but substituted Cape for Brazilian gems. Cape diamonds do not contain a trace of hydrogen, though they leave a little ash. If oxygen is equal to 15.-96, carbon becomes 11.07 M. Dumas, while communicating the above results to the Academy of Sciences, Paris, remarked that if oxygen is represented by 16, carbon becomes 12.002, that is a whole number within a one two thousandth part.

When we trust our brother, whom we have seen, we are learning to trust God, whom we have not seen.

WARNER'S
TIPPECANOE
THE BEST



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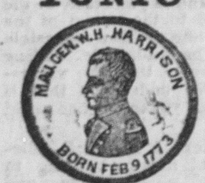

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BITTERS.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N.Y.

THE CAMPAIGN TOKEN OF 1840
ASK THE OLD FOLKS WHAT IT MEANS.

FOR
BILIOUS HEADACHE,
NOTHING LIKE IT.
$1.00 A BOTTLE.
H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

REV. FRANCIS GILLIAT, Arlington, Vt., recommends Warner's TIPPECANOE, The Best, for sick headache caused by stomach disorders.

FOR
FEMALE DEBILITY,
UNSURPASSED.
$1.00 A BOTTLE.
H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

MRS. SPENCER McCLELLAN, Gowen, Mich., warmly recommends Warner's TIPPECANOE, The Best.

TRADE **S.S.S.** MARK

I am an old man. For 28 years I suffered with ulcers on my right leg as the result of typhoid fever. Amputation was suggested as the only means of preserving life. The doctors could do nothing for me, and thought I must die. For three years I never had a shoe on. Swift's Specific has made a permanent cure and added ten years to my life.
WM. H. REED, Hall Co., Ga.

I have taken Swift's Specific for blood poison contracted at a medical college at a dissection, while I was a medical student. I am grateful to say that it gave me a speedy and thorough cure after my parents had spent hundreds of dollars for treatment.
AUGUSTUS WENDEL, M. D., Newark, N. J.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 159 W. 23d St., N. Y.

RIDGE'S FOOD

Statistics show that the mortality among children is far greater in the summer months than at any other season. Health and perfect action of the bowels are assured by the use of Ridge's Food. It is neutral in its action, is readily taken by the little ones, occasions no tax upon the digestive organs, and is as nutritious when the stomach rejects all else.

CLIMAX GRADE
R. U. AWARE
THAT
Lorillard's Climax Plug
bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's **Rose Leaf** fine cut; that Lorillard's **Navy Clippings,** and that Lorillard's **Snuffs,** are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

Catarrh Cured

Catarrh is a very prevalent disease, with distressing and offensive symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives ready relief and speedy cure, from the fact it acts through the blood, and thus reaches every part of the system.

"I suffered with catarrh fifteen years. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am not troubled any with catarrh, and my general health is much better." I. W. LILLIS, Postal Clerk Chicago & St. Louis Railroad.

"I suffered with catarrh 6 or 8 years; tried many wonderful cures, inhalers, etc., spending nearly one hundred dollars without benefit. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, and was greatly improved." M. A. ABBEY, Worcester, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 120 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

BAUGH'S
TRADE MARK
$25

PHOSPHATE

Contains the Life and Essence of Animal Bones. We are selling Baugh's Strictly Pure Raw Bone Meal, also Baugh's Ready Dissolved Pure Animal Bones, at very Low Prices. It would surprise farmers to know how very low they can procure these brands direct from us. Send your name and address, and we will mail you our Phosphate Guide.
BAUGH & SONS, 20 So. Del. Ave. Philada., Pa.

Profitable Employment

And light home work for Ladies, sent anywhere by mail. Simple and strictly honorable. No canvassing; no stamps. Address WILSON & DAVIS, Fall River, Mass.

WANTED RELIABLE SALESMEN

TO introduce and sell the trade the well-known and celebrated Cigars of the NEW YORK & HAVANA CIGAR COMPANY. Liberal arrangements. SALARY or COMMISSION paid to the right men. For further particulars and terms address, at once,
The New York & Havana Cigar Co.,
57 Broadway, New York.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. E. Mayer, the successful rupture specialist. Base at super; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cures. Main Office, 851 Arch St., Phila. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 2221 North Fifth St., 6 to 9 P. M. Sundays

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

LE PAGE'S
LIQUID GLUE.

UNEQUALLED FOR CEMENTING WOOD, GLASS, CHINA, PAPER, LEATHER, &c. AWARDED GOLD MEDAL, LONDON, 1883. Used by Mason & Hamlin Organ & Piano Co., Pullman Palace Car Co., &c. Mf'd only by the RUSSIA CEMENT CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Sample Tin Cans sent by Mail, 25c

Beautiful Pictures,
BRIDAL GIFTS, &c.
"CINDERELLA"
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"SECRETS," de Blass. "LIGHT IN DARKNESS," Sir Noel Paton, and many other entirely new and beautiful
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The largest and finest assortment in the country.
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ELEGANT AND TASTEFUL PICTURE FRAMES.
ALL THE "ROGERS' GROUPS."
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James S. Earle & Sons,
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ESTABLISHED 1831.
☞ Paintings carefully and most successfully restored. In this department we have no rival.

A $36 Harness for $18

Is MONEY an object to you? Buy at wholesale prices. Our No. 0 at $18, worth $36. No. 1 at $15, worth $30. No. 2 at $12, worth $25. 5,000 Sets sold last year. Goods sent on approval to any place in the U. S. AGENTS WANTED.
NATIONAL SADDLERY CO.,
14, 16, 18, 20 & 22 Wells St., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE LATEST! The beautiful art of making paper flowers and tissue paper fancy work, for home decorations. The ues and flower materials sold. Instruction Book and Price List, mailed, 10 cents.
LEWIS & CO., 2 E. 14th St., New York.

MONEY $10 TO $20 A DAY made with outfits for manufacturing Stencils, Key Checks and Rubber Stamps. Catalogue free. S. M. SPENCER, 112 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Nervous Debility Quick permanent cure. Book free. Civiale Agency, 169 Fulton St., N. Y.

OUR DRUGGIST

Says that when a customer asks for THE BEST Spring Medicine he confidently recommends

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

From E. S. Russell, Druggist, Nashua, N. H.
I have been in the drug and prescription business in Nashua ever forty years, and am the oldest druggist here. I was the first to introduce your valuable medicines in this city. I believe in them. Ayer's Sarsaparilla I take pleasure in recommending to my customers, well knowing it to give satisfaction. In all my experience, as a druggist, I have yet to hear the first complaint against it.

From F. & E. Batley & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Having sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla since it was first placed upon the market, we can say, after an experience covering a quarter of a century, that we have yet to learn of a case where it has failed to give satisfaction. Its merits are fully established.

From C. Way & Co., Portland, Me.
We have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla for years, and our customers are much pleased with its effects. We believe it to be one of the best medicines in the market.

Copyrighted.

Try Ayer's Sarsaparilla this Spring.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles $5.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., JUNE 10, 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

Garmans.

BUSH'S ARCADE, *Bellefonte, Pa.*, 1885.

Tremendous bargains for the next month as our stock must be reduced:

Beautiful styles in Plaid and Check neckwear or men at 25 cents.

All the nobby styles in hats.

Hosiery and handkerchiefs in many styles.

Beautiful Fans and Parasols.

Satins, Plush and Felt for fancy work.

Lace Curtains (90 styles) from $1 to $5 a pair.

Portiere from $5 to $15.

Curtain Poles from 40 cents to $1 a pair.

Children's Lace Caps.

Ornaments for Fancy Work were 9c, now 6.

Yard wide unbleached muslin, 7c quality now 5.

DRESS GOODS.

40 inch Coupure Cloth was 42c, now 35c.

36 inch Colored Cashmere was 33c, now 27c.

Lot of Plaid and Brocade Goods were 10c, now 8c.

A great many pieces of Dress Ginghams were 12½c, now 10.

Brocade Velvets were 80c, now far below cost at 45c.

Plaids were 37½c, now 25.

Albatross was 22c, now 15c—Light Pink, Blue and Cream.

White, Pink and Blue Embroidered Dress Patterns below cost.

Table Linen at a bargain.

A large size 24 inch Handkerchief for Farmers at 6 cents.

Call Early and Examine the above Goods.

D. GARMAN & SON.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Merimac prints 5c—Garmans 3

Nobby line of neckwear, 25c—Garman.

Little, medium and big fans—Garman.

A dozen styles in dude bows—Garman.

Embroidered dress paterns—Garmans.

Lace curtains and poles—Garmans. 20

——Thanks to Simon Ruble for some fresh fish.

Best indigo blue prints, only 5½ cents—Bee Hive.

——Jacob Keen and wife, of Penn, are on a trip west.

Ladies' best quality hose, solid colors, only 25 cents—Bee Hive.

A yard wide unbleached muslin at 5c, usual price 7c—Garmans. 3

——Centre Hall had several mild cases of scarlet fever in the last two weeks.

Ladies' pin stripe hose, full, regular made, only 20 cents a pair—Bee Hive.

——From the time table it will be observed that the train now runs to Lemont.

In dress goods and silks we challenge comparison in styles and prices—Bee Hive.

——Henry Boozer's meat market has always on hand fine bolognas and fresh meat.

Best assortment of glass in the valley—sizes 8x10 to 24x36, at J. O. Deininger's, Centre Hall. 20may2m

——Carpenters are framing the timbers for J. O. Deininger's plaining mill, near the station.

——Robert Wolf has become owner of the store at Woodward, having purchased it from C. W. Hosterman.

Largest stock of woolens and the best of work done in the merchant tailoring department of the Bee Hive.

ESTRAY—A yearling bull calf is estray about two weeks. It is dark red and has short horns. J. A. GROVE, Potter twp.

——Cyrus E. Woods, of Boalsburg, won the prize of $100 at the Lafayette College Junior oratorical contest, a short time ago.

——Chas. Catherman, of Hartleton, fell from the rafters of a barn, on 3d, and broke both bones of his legs just above the ankle.

——Mr. Thomas Norman, of Bellefonte, died last week, aged 76 years. Some 30 years ago he had charge of the Millheim grist mills.

——Mrs. John Spangler was seriously ill after her return from a visit to Snyder county, caused by inflamation of the bowels.

——A party with a steam drilling engine is digging an artisian well for Mr. Haag, at Pleasant Gap. They get about 10 feet in 12 hours thro' rock.

——Lightning struck a telephone pole on the Lewistown line running through an alley in this place, on Sunday, and knocded hell-lo out of the wires.

——Get your dusters at the Philad. Branch and save 25 per cent on the price you would pay elsewhere. Summer suits for men and boys, cheap.

——Two new parsonages are under way in this town—one by the Reformed people for their new pastor, Rev. Land, the other by the Evangelicals for Rev. Currin.

——Centre Hall's horse-tamers get into a rumpus one day last week, and steam ran high for several hours. Indian ponies may not find a ready market here in the future.

——The Wilson heirs' farm, at the railroad station, is now being supplied with pure water from the Centre Hall water works. The cistern on the premises will be abandoned.

——There was much hail with the storm on Sunday evening. At Linden Hall and down the valley the hail was damaging. At Lewistown some 1500 panes of glass were broken by hail.

——Spring and summer suits, for men and boys, at the Philad. Branch, where all the latest styles can be seen and bought at lower prices than elsewhere One price for all and goods warranted

——The veteran Amos E. Kapp, of Northumberland, boasts of having witnessed every gubernatorial inauguration in this state, from that of Findlay, 1817, to Pattison, and he expects to live to see that of the next governor.

——The corner stone of the Evangelical church at Rebersburg will be laid, no preventing providence, June 14. Preaching at 10 a. m. by Rev. B. F. Hengst, of Millheim. The public are cordially invited to attend.

——The Philad. Branch keeps up its low prices in ready-made clothing, and has the best assortment of men's and boys' clothing in this county. Give Lewins a call if you want a good and cheap suit and you will save money by it.

We are sole agents for Centre county for Dr. D. Clain's corset, the best 50 cent corset in the world—Bee Hive.

——The Centre Hall telephone line is to be extended to Spring Mills and Millheim. The subscribers at Spring Mills will be Runk, Grenoble and Allison, and Fisher at Penn Hall. The names at Millheim we did not get. Aaronsburg should have it go to that town.

——Rev. Thos. S. Land will be installed pastor of the Centre Hall Reformed charge next Sunday evening, in the Reformed church of this place, by a committee of W. Susquehanna Classis. The committee consists of Revs. D. M. Wolf, Z. A. Yearick and N. J. Miller. Rev. N. J. Miller will preach the sermon.

——A terrific thunder gust passed over this section on Sunday evening and night. During the night the rain came down in torrents and the lightning and thunder were most startling. The rain was much needed, and the effects on vegetation will no doubt be greatly beneficial.

——The new flouring mill at this place has some of the handsomest lettering of any building in this state,—painted against north and east sides of the mill. J. G. Kurtz, of Milton, was the artist, and the entire work was done off-hand without any previous tracing or outlining, showing the rare skill of his artistic hand and eye.

——HARNESS AT AUCTION.—The undersigned will offer for sale at auction, at Boalsburg, on Saturday, June 20, a lot of the best and finest single buggy, track, express, light and double harnesses, halters, checklines, bridles, &c. These goods are made of all oak tanned leather, best material. Come and attend our sale, examine our stock and we are sure they will give satisfaction. Terms—Sixty days with good security. Sale at 1 p. m.

J. & A. J. HARTER.

——The Lewisburg *Journal* mentions the following of a little hero in that town: The other afternoon a ten year old daughter of Mr. Wilson Shamp made a narrow escape from drowning. She fell into the river near the boatyard, and had sank for the third time, when Wm. Miller, a youth of some 14 years came to the scene and dived to the bottom of the river after her. She was then insensible and thought to be dead. After rolling on a barrel for some time she was restored to life. We understand this is the eighth life this young man has saved from drowning.

——Messrs. Hicks & Buck, of Bellefonte, have added a large building to their foundry and machine shops and have in stock a large line of all kinds of agricultural implements. They have also added Plumbing to their business, with first class workmen in charge, and are prepared to estimate and do all work in the line of plumbing completely and in a first class manner. They invite inquiries regarding prices on pipe, hydrants and water work generally.27m'ytf

——Lewins & Co., leading house for ready-made clothing, have an immense stock of new goods. Go and see piles of coats, pants, vests and shirts, and other wear for men and boys and you will be astonished. But still more astonishing are the low prices and great bargains offered. There is nothing to match them in the entire state and least of all in this county. No one purchasing a garment there fails to save several dollars in cash, or has yet regretted making a purchase at the Philad. Branch.

——Mr. Chas. Glenn, the old and well known photographer of Bellefonte, has moved his gallery to Centre Hall, where he expects to remain for some time. He respectfully solicits the patronage of our people and promises to give them first-class work. He is prepared to take groups, cabinets, cards, tin-types and views of all kinds, at remarkably low prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Call and see his work, and give him a trial, and you will secure a fine picture. Gallery on Main street, Centre Hall.

——On Saturday afternoon many of our citizens had the pleasure of witnessing the first movements of the large boiler and engine at the new roller mill, which was set agoing by the foreman Mr. Wentworth. The engine started in promptly and finely when engineer Harter opened the valve and let on steam, and it continued to run all afternoon as though it had been used to it, and with remarkable smoothness. Little Walter Kurtz slid down on the roof of the engine house and stole the first toot from the whistle, which showed that it had lungs powerful enough to make itself heard for miles around It is expected the mill will be in full running order for grinding within ten days, and it is now ready for the hoisting of grain into the bins by steam elevators.

——Mr. Chas. Ripka, an old and much respected citizen, living on a farm in the Georges Valley mountains, died suddenly on Saturday last. Mr. Ripka was plowing, and at noon left the field with his team, which he unhitched and watering the horses he placed them in the stable. He complained to his daughter of a pain across the breast, and dinner being ready she thought if he ate he might feel better. He preferred going to bed however, and the daughter and another little girl sat down to dinner—the daughter taking such a position that she could see her father in bed. He raised himself up once, and observed he felt easier then laid down on his pillow again, and in five minutes thereafter he was dead. The girls being alone gave the alarm and called in neighbors. Dr. Stemm was summoned and pronounced it a case of palsy of the heart. He was burried in the mountain cemetery on Tuesday. He was the father of A. P. Ripka and brother of Jacob Ripka, both of this town. His age was near seventy years.

The Burdock plant is one of the best diuretics or kindey regulators in the vegetable world, and the compound known as Burdock Blood Bitters is unsurpassed in all diseases of the kidneys, liver and blood.

Friday evening, May 29, a fire broke out in the barn of Wm. Elliott, opposite Winfield, Northumberland county, and occupied by Adam Miller, and it was entirely consumed. Several young horses and cattle, with farming implements, were burned. There is no insurance. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

The sure effects of Ayer's Sarsapalilla are thorough and permanent. If there is a lurking tint of scrofula about you, Ayer's Sarsaparilla will dislodge it, and expel it from your system.

White mull for trimming hats—Garmans. 20

FROM THE COUNTY SEAT.

BELLEFONTE, June 9.

The railroad progresses towards Lemont and track is laid to the axe factory, which leaves about four miles of rails to be put down, and the iron tie between Pennsvalley and Bellefonte is complete. The cars will run by July 1st thro' to Montandon, no doubt.

Gov. Curtin was home a few days last week, and many went to "see" him—many who had a little bee in their bonnets, and are anxiously waiting to have him brush it away; that bee is some "offensive partisan," of course.

The agr. college has been admirably sustained in the state legislature by one of our members, Mr. Woodward, and a majority of the members, and it is a source of gratification that the weak efforts of our other member to injure the college finds no encouragement of any account, now that the college is doing so well. The "Reporter" and some of the other county papers have simply done their duty in sustaining the college now that it is beginning to come up to its requirements.

The Nethirsalch of the "Republican" is displeased with the remark of a former citizen who after a long absence did not think our bar was what it seemed when he left. Keep your temper, old tortoise, we have some able fellows at our bar, and the names you mention are among them.

I heard a lady say Centre Hall was the most aristocratic little place in the county. Did she fail to make an impression on some of our young gents, perhaps? or did she mean it as a compliment? there certainly is nothing aristocratic in your pretty village, in the offensive sense of that term—it is neat, clean, cosy and well-behaved, just as any town ought to be, but as many are not.

If McMillen is the handsomest man in town, who is the handsomest lady—let some one settle that. In a town with so many pretty ladies as Bellefonte has, that problem would be difficult to solve, and might create a war between the big enders and little enders.

Some fellows say they can buy as many segars as they wish Sundays, in Bellefonte,—perhaps Judge Furst will put on his specks and "see about it," one of these days. FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS.

PERSONAL.—Wm. L. Snyder, of Spring Mills, gave us a call; he has opened an implement store there, and can sell you anything you want in that line—sorry he didn't locate his business at Centre Hall, a good point for such a store. Ellis Hosterman, one of our useful citizens, popped in to see us. Cal. Malin, sup't of telephone exchange, gave us a call. Mr. Chas. Kreamer, of Effingham county, Ill., stopped in with us a few days ago; he is a son of Samuel Kreamer who moved west from Haines twp. about 19 years ago. He will visit relatives in this valley during the summer. Mr. W. F. Rearick and Mr. Garbrick, of Farmers Mills, gave the Reporter a call, and like good Samaritans put a hand to the crank and turned out several scores of copies of this week's Reporter. Come and try it again.

WHY MRS. M'MAHON ONLY LIVED ONE HOUR WITH HER HUSBAND.

Galena, Ill., June 4.—In April, 1883, Miss Mary Lilly, a respectable young lady daughter of Peter Lilly, of this city, was united in marriage to John McMahon, also of Galena, after an engagement of upward of three years, the young lady refusing to marry her lover until he had provided for her a home. The latter having, it is alleged, assured Miss Lilly that he had complied with the conditions, and was ready to take his bride to a home of her own whenever the marriage ceremony was performed. The nuptial event took place with considerable pomp at the Lilly residence. Immediately the young lady informed the groom that she was ready to go at once to the home he had prepared for her, whereupon he coolly stated that he had resorted to a subterfuge to get her, and that he had secured no home of his own, and that they—himself and bride—must go to boarding. The newly-made bride, incensed at the treatment she had received, refused absolutely to live with McMahon until he procured a home for her as promised, and the latter left her within an hour after his marriage, since which time the pair have not lived together. For the purpose of dissolving the marriage tie Mrs. McMahon brought suit in the Circuit court of Jo Davies county, and has just been granted a divorce by Judge Wm. Brown, the defendant failing to appear. His Honor, in deciding the matter, said that the case was one of the most remarkable ever brought before him, and that the circumstances were such, as testified to by the plaintiff, combined with the fact that the husband had failed to appear, that he could not withhold a divorce from Mrs. McMahon, with the right to assume her maiden name.

ABE BUZZARD CAGED.

Lancaster, Pa., June 4.—Abe Buzzard, the noted outlaw, walked into the Lancaster county prison about midnight and surrendered. He was accompanied by his brothers Mart. and John. Before giving himself up he exacted a promise from his brothers and prisonkeeper Burkholder that they would not claim the reward of $1,000 offered for his capture. Buzzard surrendered at the instigation of prominent citizens of the eastern end of the county, who will use their efforts to secure a commutation of nine years of the sentence which he never served and which it is generally agreed he unjustly received.

A whisker dye must be convenient to use, easy to apply, impossible to rub off, elegant in appearance, and cheap in price. Buckingham's dye for the whiskers unites in itself all these merits. Try it.

THIRTY VILLAGES RAVAGED.

Paris, June 5.—A letter from the Bishop of Tonquin announces that the Black Flags are ravaging the provinces of Sontay, Honghoa and Tueyenquan, although those provinces are occupied by Faench troops. The inhabitants, fleeing from massacre, have taken refuge in the French garrisons. Thirty Christian villages have been destroyed.

THE DIVING JOURNALIST.

Eight fathoms below the surface of the Atlantic: the position is a new one, and the feeling is peculiar and at times not at all comfortable. A sharp and sometimes stinging sensation is felt on either side of my face, caused by the pressure of the heavy diving suit that encases my body, forcing a large rush of blood to my head. I stand on the deck of the ill-fated steamer, Daniel Stienmann, sunk between the stony ledges off Sambro lighthouse. Above and around me nothing is discernible beyond the distance of a few feet, and with difficulty, owing to the weighty and unusual costume, I navigate my way through a threadwork of tangled rigging broken spars, and other wreckage that encumbers the way. Air sent down by the pump in the diver's boat overhead permits me to breathe with customary freedom, but the sensation of pressure about all portions of my body is gradually becoming more and more unbearable. Besides this, a very strong current, running to the southwest, coupled with the dangerous encumbrances lying about, prevent anything but difficult locomotion, and do not permit a satisfactory survey of the wreck. The life-line, which I hold in my hand, connecting with the diving-boat above, enables me to signal to the men for more or less air, as required.

My companion, an old diver, makes his way about with greater ease than the novice, and under his guidance I take a hasty look, as far as practicable, over the wreck. The hull stands in a firm and perfectly upright position, in the same spot where she first went down. The hatch foward of the mainmast and the one abaft the foremast are gone, having been torn up by the sea. A few feet away two divers are at work removing hatch Number 2. The combings on the starboard side of the hatch abaft of the foremast have been smashed away, and a person looking into the hold from alongside can see the cargo below.

The deck-houses over the engine-room and beneath the bridge have been partly torn away, but still hold on. The bridge remains apparently firm. The greater portion of the ship's bulwarks has been injured, but to what extent the damage has extended to the bottom and elsewhere it is impossible yet to determine, as nobody has gone farther down than the deck of the ship. Fish of all sizes darted to and fro as we peered down the open hatches for further bodies of victims. But nowhere was a single one, nor the remains of one, to be discovered. After the search, which was made as fast as circumstances would allow, but without any result in the shape of finding any remains, I returned to the surface of the water.

BEAUTIFYING THE AGED.

A dilapidated old looking-glass was recently made very pretty and ornamental in the following manner: The glass was a large old-fashioned one, with veneered mahogany frame and divided by a small veneered bar near the upper portion of the glass. The frame and glass were thoroughly cleansed and dried, and the frame and bar given a coat or two of the diamond paint known as "artists, black," and when dry an ivy vine in bronze paint was painted in stencil around the frame and across the bar, shaded with the gold paint. The veinings of the leaves were traced with a medium sized camel's hair brush with the silver paint. The stencils for this work were made from three or four leaves in different sizes taken from a natural vine of English ivy, outlined on a stiff pasteboard and cut out, and the vine or stem was traced with a medium sized camel's hair brush without the aid of a pattern. The ornamental part of the frame having been completed, the glass was laid flat on a large table and a perforated paper pattern, such as is used for embroidery purposes, stretched tightly across the upper portion of the glass, the bottom of the pattern being brought close to the upper edge of the dividing bar, so that the glasses, etc., of which it was composed, seemed to grow from beneath it. The pattern was powdered on with a pouncet, then traced lightly over with a camel's hair brush dipped in oil paint. The design represented swamp grasses and golden-rod. The grasses were traced in outline with two or three shades of olive green and brown in oil paints, mixed with a little varnish. The golden-rod was painted with the diamond paint in bronze and gold, and the effect was that of a minature pond or sheet of water surrounded by grasses and wild flowers, and the novelty and beauty of it all can be more easily imagined than described. Many old picture frames and smaller glasses might be treated to advantage in the same way, and the work is comparatively easy.

A censorious tutor, in lecturing to his class "On the Vice of Betting," declared that under no circumstances could a bet be anything but a sin and a shame. "But you've always gone in for one kind of a bet," exclaimed the irreverent pupil. The tutor was at first stupefied with amazement at such effrontery, but, recovering his self-possession, he blandly informed the student that if he could make his statement good he should have a holiday. "Well, haven't you always been in favor of the alpha-*bet*!" asked the student. The teacher gave a sigh of relief, and "let the boy off."

Our 49 cent three-button kid gloves take the cake—Bee Hive.

ONE MAN REPRIEVED AND TWO HANGED.

New Orleans, June 5.—The sentence of John Baptiste, who was to be hanged today with Foster and Bob Williams, has been commuted to prison for life. Baptiste is a weak-minded negro boy, and the evidence against him was not conclusive. He was convicted of assaulting Mrs. M. Reiner. When told last night that his sentence was commuted he danced around his cell, laughing and exhibited the most extravagant symptoms of joy.

Bob and Foster Williams were hanged within the walls of the Parish Prison in the presence of the fifteen witnesses allowed by law.

TAKE NOTICE OF THIS SPLENDID BARGAIN.—The "New York Weekly World," one of the best weeklies in the United States, by special arrangement with the World publishers, can be had very low by clubbing with the "Reporter." Two new names, clubbing for the "Reporter," will each get the two papers, the "World" and the "Reporter" one year, cash in advance, for $2.25, the regular price for the two being $3. Subscribers to the "Reporter" can have the "World" and "Reporter" for $2.50, in advance, or for $2.25 when clubbing with two new names.

About 12 o'clock Friday nigth, 5th, the wife of J. Wonch and four children were burned to death in their house in Barrie, Ont. Mr. Wonch escaped by jumping out of the window after a vain effort to rescue his wife and children, his shirt being burned off in the attempt. Mr. Wonch is crazy with grief. He says that when he awoke the whole room seemed to be on fire. He tried to pull his wife off the bed but bould not do so as fire was leaping out of the mattress all around her.

On account of the sudden changes in the temperature at this season and in this climate, it is almost impossible to keep free from colds and coughs; but a prompt use of N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir will prevent any serious result from a sudden cold and effect a speedy cure. If you are bilious, or have the jaundice, sick headache or dizziness, try Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. jun

TWO BROTHERS LYNCHED.

Marshalltown, Ia, June 5.—Fin and Maus Rainberger were taken from jail at Eldora, Hardin county, this morning by a mob of 75 masked men and riddled with bullets. They were brothers of the two Rainbergers who are now in jail here for the murder of Enoch Jackson, and were arrested for an alleged attack on Dr. Underwood, who is prominent in the Rainberger prosecution here.

Persons who are Past fifty will find Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy just about the medicine they need when they need a medicine at all. The ten years which follow that age are full of dangers which do not threaten younger men and women. This preparation gives tone to the system, gently expels impurities and prevents the outcropping of diseases the seeds of which many have been shown in earlier life. Why not live out all your days in health and strength. june.

Harper's for July will be largely an out-of-door number. Frequenters of Mt. Desert will be delighted with a series of charming poems, "Midsummer at Mt. Desert," by Mrs. Mace, of Bangor, Me., with equally charming illustrations by Harry Fenn, and lovers of the Adirondacks will be pleased in their turn with a paper on "Ampersand" lake and mountain, also fully illustrated.

The capstone of the Washington monument was struck by lightning on Saturday, and shattered.

If you want the two papers, the REPORTER and the "New York Weekly World," for one year at $2.25, you can have the two by sending us the $2.25 in advance and a new name with $2.25, to which the two papers will also be sent. This is a big bargain, and, we are only able to carry it out upon the above plan.

MARRIED.

May 24, at Centre Hall, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Samuel Frederick and Ida C. Ream, both of Farmers Mills.

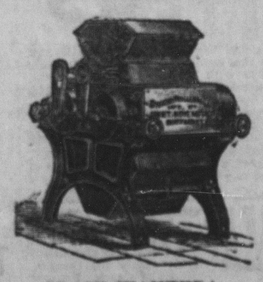
DIED.

In Lewisburg, on 3, suddenly, John Shuck, in the 70th year of his age.

In Hartley twp., Union county, on May 27, Daniel strouse, aged 76 years, 8 months, 4 days.

In New Berlin, May 25, Mrs. E. J. Lotz, widow of the late Dr. Jos. R. Lotz, dec'd, aged 76 years, 1 month, 25 days.

In New Berlin, on 1st inst., Ex-Sheriff John Kessler, aged about 73 years.



GRAIN WANTED!

The new roller mill is now ready for the reception and storing of wheat. Farmers will be given the best storage accommodations and prices, as an early supply is desired for the opening of the new mill at Centre Hall.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

26dec'tf

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 16 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, June 8, 1885.

BUTTER.			
Creamery, Penn'a, extra			18
" Western "			18
EGGS.			
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz		crates	16
" " "		bbls	16
Western, ex brands		crates	16
LIVE POULTRY.			
Fowls, straight, nearby		per lb	12
" mixed		"	11
" Western, straight		"	12
" " mixed		"	11
DRESSED POULTRY.			
Chickens, dry-picked, extra		"	15
" good		"	13 14
" scalded and medium		"	11 12
CALVES AND SHEEP.			
Calves, Del & Md, prime		per lb	6 7
" Fair to good		"	5 5¾
" Common stock		"	3 4
Sheep, prime		"	5 5¾
Lambs, extra		"	8 9
Live Cattle		"	5 5¾
Hogs, live		"	6 6¾
Pigs, live		"	5 6
POTATOES.			
Early Rose, choice		per bus	55
Burbanks, choice		"	55
" fair		"	48
Pearl Mammoth		"	60
Beauty of Hebron		"	52
Peerless		"	50
CHEESE.			
N Y Factory, choice			7¾ 8¼
Ohio, fat, fine			7 8
SEEDS.			
Timothy		per bu	1 70 1 75
Clover		per lb	8¼ 9
Flax		per bu	1 60
DRIED FRUIT.			
Apples, evaporated, in cases			6 7¼
" good			3½ 5
" quarters			2½
Blackberries			9 9¾
Cherries, pitted, prime dry			12 12½
HIDES.			
Hides, Dry		per lb	10 11
Calf, Salted		"	12 13
Hides, Green, Steer		"	5½ 6
" " Cow		"	5 5½
" " Bull		"	4 4½
" Salted Steer		"	5 5½
" " Cow		"	5 5½
Sheep Skins, per piece			25 75
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Lard, Country lots, prime		per lb	7 8
Tallow, Solid		"	5¾ 6
" Cake		"	6 6¼
Honey in Comb		"	10 11
Country Soap			5

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuations

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, June 6, 1885.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn		47	—53½
Wheat	"	88½	—98½
Oats	"	33½	—40½
Pork	"	10.50	
Lard	"	6.65	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker
23 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET

Wheat—Red	95
White & Mixed	90
Rye	60
Corn, 45 shelled, and ears old	50
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	45
Cloverseed large	5 00
Cloverseed small	6 00
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 12; tallow, 6; lard, 8; ham, 12; shoulde 8; bacon or side, 6; eggs per dozen, 10 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL—Pea, 3.50; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

PUBLIC SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court the undersigned will offer at public sale, on the premises, at Farmers Mills, Centre county, on Saturday, June 27, at 2 p. m., a VALUABLE FARM, containing 128 ACRES and 116 perches and allowance, known as the Geo. Corman farm. It is in a high state of cultivation, good fruit bearing orchard, a good two-story frame house, bank barn, and all other necessary outbuildings. The farm is well watered, Penns Creek running through it.

Terms—One-third of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale; ¼ to remain in farm, with interest payable to widow annually, the balance to be paid in one year after sale, with interest.

WASH GARBRICK,
S. M. LONG, Executors.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale, at the residence of Benj. Bitner, dec'd, in Potter township, Saturday, June 6, 1885: Two bedsteads, sausage stuffer, 5 chairs, washing machine, wood stove, iron kettle, grind stone, axe, set splitting tools, cross-cut saw, digging iron, lot of carpenter tools, log chain, bag wagon, bags, lot of forks, sleigh, top buggy, set harness, saddle, 300 feet of white pine boards, lot of sawed rails, and posts, lot of linn boards, 4 pieces of 4-inch wagon tire, wheel barrow, lot of bee-boxes, 3 fine shoats, 100 bushels of corn in the ear, more or less, and many other articles. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock.

JOHN DASHER,
F. M. BURKHOLDER,
Administrators.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.—Sealed proposals will be received at the Commissioners' office, in Bellefonte, up to June 6, for making certain changes in the main audience room of the Court House, according to the plans and specifications, which may be seen at the Commissioners' office, also for painting and graining the wood work in same. We reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

JOHN WOLF,
A. J. GREIST,
J. C. HENDERSON,
Commissioners.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.—Sealed proposals will be received at the Commissioners' office up to June 1, for repairing the plastering and painting outside of the Court House, Belfry, Clock, Dial, etc. Specifications can be seen at the Commissioners' office. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

JOHN WOLF,
A. J. GREIST,
G. W. RUNBERGER, Clerk. J. C. HENDERSON, Commissioners.

POTTER DISTRICT SCHOOL BOARD.—The directors of the Potter school district will meet at the Old Fort, Monday, June 1, at 8:30 o'clock a. m. to examine Treasurer's account and to attend to such other business as may present itself. Persons having bills to present should not fail to do so at that time. The Township Auditors will meet at 1 p. m. to examine the account, and the Directors elect to organize a new board.

G. L. GOODHART, Pres't
W. A. KERR, Sec. 3t

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court, there will be offered at public sale, on the premises, in Potter twp., on SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1885, the real estate belonging to the estate of Michael Spicher, dec'd, consisting of two tracts, No. 1, being a Valuable farm situate about one mile west of Old Fort, on the Boalsburg road, bounded by lands of George M. Boal, Leonard Rhone, and others, containing 113 ACRES and 38 perches, neat measure, thereon erected a 2-Story Stone Dwelling House, Bank barn, all necessary outbuildings, good Orchard of fruit, and a well of never failing water and two good cisterns thereon.

No. 2, adjoining the above, bounded by lands of Lafayette Neff, Love's heirs, Jacob Wagner, George M. Boal, and others, containing 102 ACRES and 6 perches, neat measure, and thereon erected a 2-Story Frame Dwelling house. The land is all under good fences and in the highest state of cultivation. Of the above tracts about 200 acres are clear, and about 15 acres are good oak timberland.

The above will be sold in two tracts or as a whole, as may best suit purchasers and parties interested. Sale to begin at 2 p. m.

Terms—Ten per cent cash when the property is knocked off, ⅓ of balance on confirmation of sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. JOHN & MICHAEL SPICHER,

Ex'rs of Michael Spicher, Sr., deceased.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of J. L. Spiro, late of Gregg twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

20apr6t JAMES M. MILLER,
Administrator, Spring Mills.